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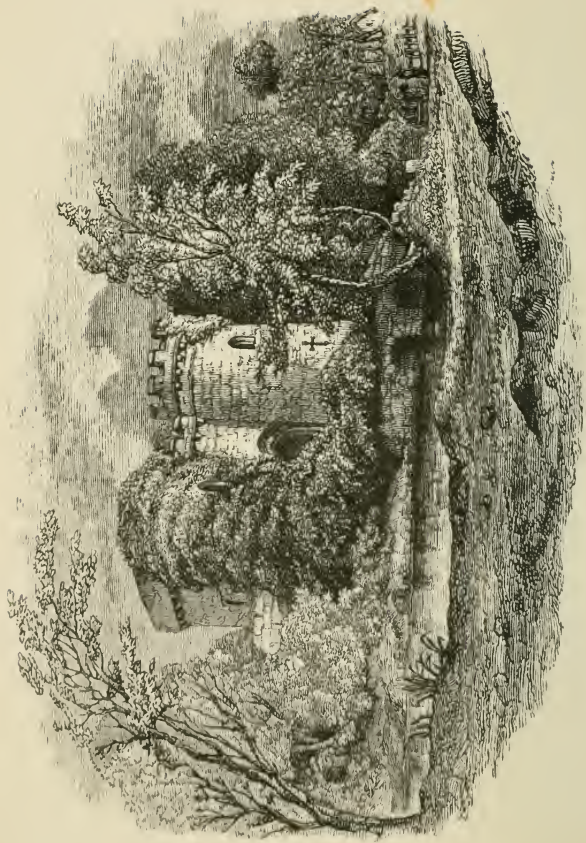




THE KING'S CLASSICS UNDER
THE GENERAL EDITORSHIP OF
PROFESSOR GOLLANCZ



THE HISTORY OF FULK
FITZ-WARINE



WHITTINGTON CASTLE, SHROPSHIRE.

THE HISTORY OF
FULK FITZ-WARINE
ENGLISHED BY ALICE
KEMP-WELCH WITH
AN INTRODUCTION
BY L. BRANDIN PH.D.

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INTRODUCTION

Previous Translations.—The manuscript in the British Museum (MS. Reg. 12, c. xii) which contains the history now specially translated for the “King’s Classics” by Mrs. Kemp-Welch, has been several times published—in 1833 by Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, in 1840 by Francisque Michel, in 1855 by Thomas Wright for the Warton Club, in 1858 by L. Moland and C. d’Héricault in their *Nouvelles françaises en prose du xiv^es.*, and in 1875 by Joseph Stevenson, at the end of Radulph de Coggeshall’s *Chronicon Anglicanum* (Rolls Series). It has been translated into English by Thomas Wright and Joseph Stevenson, in their works above alluded to ; it has been examined critically in the same works, as well as in the edition of Francisque Michel, and in the article by Paulin Paris in *Histoire Littéraire de la France* (vol. xxvii, pp. 164–186); it has been noticed and epitom-

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mized by Leland and by Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy ; it has been made use of by Thomas Wright in his *History of Ludlow* ; and the general results of the works of which it has formed the subject-matter have been well summarized, reviewed, and greatly enriched by Mr. H. L. D. Ward in his *Catalogue of Romances in the Department of MSS. in the British Museum* (vol. 1, pp. 501-508).

Ambiguous Character of the Text.—Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, on p. 41 of vol. 3 of his *Descriptive Catalogue of Materials relating to the history of Great Britain and Ireland to the end of the reign of Henry VII* (London, 1871), has already recognized the ambiguous character of this work. “It seems,” he says, “to be partly romance and partly history.” The editors who came after him did no more than develop this remark of the great English scholar, and the sum and substance of their dissertations is, that *Fulk Fitz-Warine* is an historical romance containing much romance and a little history.

Its Foundation on Fact.—Such history as it contains has been revealed by a study of the Public Rolls which concern Fulk and the other Fitz-Warines, and which have been very conveniently, and almost in their entirety, collected by the Rev. W. Eyton in his

Antiquities of Shropshire.¹ It has been admirably summarized by Mr. H. L. D. Ward, whose own words we cannot do better than quote. "The romancer," he says, "has entirely forgotten Fulk I., who died before Michaelmas, 1171, but the other genealogical matters seem to be fairly correct. It is quite certain that Fulk II., who died before Michaelmas, 1198, really married Haweis de Dinan ; that the Fitz-Warins had long-standing claims to the castle of Whittington ; that the castle was delivered over to the Welsh Prince Meuric ; that Fulk III. consequently rebelled in 1201 ; and that this outlawry was revoked on the 15th November, 1203. Among the fifty-two names of his companions attached to the pardon are those of William Fitz-Fulk and Philip and Ivo Fitzwarin, probably all three of them brothers of Fulk III., and also those of Baldwin de Hodenet and William Malveissin . . . It is also certain that Fulk III. married Matilda, the widow of Theobald Walter . . . On the other hand, it is equally certain that Theobald Walter is mentioned as still alive on the 4th August, 1205, though he seems to have died before October 8 of that year . . . Fulk rose again in arms in the Easter-

¹ For the genealogical questions, consult the genealogical tables in the Rev. W. Eyton's *Antiquities of Shropshire*.

week (April 19 to 25) of 1215, and joined Robert Fitz-Walter ; and it was not till more than a year after King John's death that Fulk made his peace again, and obtained reseizen of his lands, namely in November 1217. He continued to be regarded as a dangerous Baron Marcher ; and in November 1222, the Earl of Chester was urged to inspect the fortifications going on at Whittington Castle, and to see that they were not made stronger than were required for the purpose of resisting the Welsh . . . There are indications that Fulk IV. acted for his father during the last years of his life ; and this again favours an assertion made by the romancer, namely, that he was blind for seven years. He seems to have died before August 1260."

Its Element of Romance.—Such are the historic data on which the author's work has been built up. To these he has added anachronisms, matter purely imaginative, faithful and picturesque descriptions of places in Shropshire with which he was very familiar, and legends then current in England, as well as souvenirs of *chansons ae geste* with which he had become acquainted on the Continent. At the very outset, for example, he borrows, from a local tradition, the legend of Payn Peverel, "le fier et hardy cosyn le roi," who happily delivered the country from the

giant Geomagog, who, after having been slain by Corineus, had had his body taken possession of by the Devil, which prevented the Britons from inhabiting Chastiel Bran, and he ends by recalling the memories associated with the name of "Blanche Vile, qui en le temps le roy Arthur la Blanche Lande fust nommée," and by displaying the knowledge he possessed of the legend of the Holy Grail, and of the Merlinesque prophecies. Moreover, he seems to have desired to add to the renown of his hero and his family by connecting them with the great Garin le Lohérain, who is not otherwise referred to in history, and whose very existence is not attested save in the *chansons de geste*. He must have known the Renaud de Montauban group above all, and Mr. Ward has pointed this out in his work above alluded to, although it seems to me that he has not sufficiently emphasized the fact. He confines himself to saying that "his mind often reverted to the deeds of the Quatre fils Aymon ; to the fatal quarrel between Renaud de Montauban and Charlemagne's nephew over the chess-board ; to the taunts of Roland against Ogier for sparing his outlawed cousins ; and to Richard's appearing before Charlemagne in the arms of the Knight sent to capture him." He adds, "it is prob-

ably owing to the same *chanson* that Fulk, like Renaud, releases his sovereign when he has him completely at his mercy."

Its Relation to Renaud de Montauban.—

These observations are just, but they do not go far enough. It seems possible to go much further, and that one must admit that the text itself of Renaud de Montauban was quite familiar to our author. He certainly knew of the use of the chess-board made by Landri and Charlot. But is there not a singular resemblance between the scene in which Renaud de Montauban, struck by the wrathful Bertolais, goes to make complaint to Charlemagne, and that in which Prince John, struck by Fulk, goes to make complaint to his father, King Henry II. ? And does not the reply of Henry II. to his son recall in a forcible manner, and in a way to suggest a direct imitation, or a remarkably exact reminiscence, Charlemagne's reply to Renaud ? "Tes téy, *mauvais*," says our author.

"Comme Karles l'oït, si en fut mult irié ;
malvais garçon, coart avoît Renaud hucié."

In the same way, when Fulk arrives at Alberbury, he relates to his mother, Dame Hawyse, the wanderings of himself and his brothers, and Dame Hawyse

gives him "grant aveyr." When Renaud, Alard, Guichard, and Richard come to Dordon to meet their mother, an exactly similar thing happens.

"L'afaire li contèrent comment il ont ouvré,"
and she tells them,

"Portez de mon avoir a mult grande plenté."

Again, Charlemagne's anger and his imprecations against the Fils Aymon, his manner of calling to mind the fact that he has vanquished thirty kings, all striving with each other who could best serve him, and that none of all the lords whom he had subdued dared fight against him—

"Fors rois Yus de Gascoigne ki tos est asotis,
Qui contre moi recete mes mortés enemis
Les .iiii. fix Aymon que tout jor ai haïs,"

reminds us at once of the fine passage in *Fulk Fitz-Warine*, where John Lackland exclaims, "Hay, Seinte Marie, je su roy, Engleterre guye, duc su d'Angoye, et de Normaundye et tote Yrlande est en ma segnorie ; e je ne pus trover ne aver en tot moun poer, pur quanqe je pus doner, nul se me velt venger de la damage e hontage que Fouke m'ad fet. Més je ne lerroy qe je ne me venjeroy de le prince."

These passages certainly prove that the author of *Fulk Fitz-Warine* must have often heard, or read

over and over again, the adventures of the Quatre Fils Aymon. He was, moreover, a connoisseur of the current literature, as we are led to imagine from the first sentence of our simple story, rendered into prose from the opening so frequent in the *chansons de gestes*—

“Ce fu el mois de Mai, à l'entrée d'esté,
Que foillissent cil bos et verdoient li pré.”

or in the ordinary songs—

“Quant florist la prée,
Que li douz tenz doit venir,
Qu'oiseaux par ramée
Font escouter lor doz cris,
Adonc chant, &c.”

And there is nothing surprising in the fact that he should have called to remembrance the Quatre Fils Aymon when he had to relate the adventures of Warine's five sons.

If to this is added the fact that remarkable resemblances to passages in *Huon de Bordeaux*, and other *chansons de geste*, as well as commonplaces proper to these poems, are also to be found, enough will have been said to show conclusively that the mind of the Trouvère was stored with romantic ideas dear to the Middle Ages.

Fulk and Robin Hood.—The adventures of Fulk Fitz-Warine are worthy to rank with those of Eustace the Monk, Hereward, Robert Bruce, and Robin Hood. It is especially with those of the last-named that they present striking resemblances. Is it a mere chance, for instance, that the oldest ballad of the cycle of Robin Hood which has come down to us, presents so great an analogy with the *début* of Fulk Fitz-Warine? And if one of the oldest ballads contains the lines—

“It befelle be god Edwards days
For soth so the romans says,
Harkying, I will you telle,
The Kyng to Scherwod gan wend
For to solas hym that stond
The grete herte for to hunte
In frythys and felle,”

is it correct to say with Thomas Wright (*Essays*, II, 172), that “the expression, ‘so the romans says,’ seems to have become a mere hackneyed phrase, used without any meaning”? Is it by mere chance, again, that, in the lines of *Piers Plowman*—

“I can nouȝte perfily my pater-noster as the prest it syngeth :
But I can rymes of Robyn Hood and Randolf Erle of Chester,”

mention is made of one who, under the name of

Randolfe, Count of Chester, plays an important, although secondary, part in the romance of Fulk Fitz-Warine? And finally, is it merely an accidental circumstance that the two renowned outlaws act in so similar a manner in despoiling those they meet conveying merchandise to the King of England, or to the Sheriff of Nottingham? There is not, at the present time, any possible answer to all the questions we ask ourselves respecting the relations that may have existed between the original type of Robin Hood and that of Fulk Fitz-Warine. But it is at any rate useful to ask them, and the mere fact that we can do this, leads us to imagine that there was a more profound intermingling of the French literature developed in England, and the popular English literature, than is generally recognized.

Style and Dialect.—The Manuscript is written in rather poor French. All the faults committed by Anglo-Norman writers are to be found in it, and the native dialect of the author or authors is not easily discoverable. But the narration is often full of picturesqueness and vivacity. The taking of the Castle of Dynan by Sir Ernalt, the scene of carnage which ensued, the slaying of the conqueror by his mistress, the lamentations of the murderess, and her

terrible suicide, all constitute a series of scenes of poignant interest. The descriptions are tempered, the accessory anecdotes are treated in a tone of moderation, and the terseness and clearness of the dialogues are remarkable. Examples of these qualities will be found to some extent throughout, but above all in the conversation of Payn with Geomagog, in the lamentations of Marion de la Bruere, in the scene of the chess-board, in Fulk's interview with John Lackland, in the scene between Fulk and the merchants, in his interview with the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the daring behaviour of the minstrel John de Rampaigne, in Fulk's adventures in France when he is welcomed by King Philip, in his conversation with Mador, in the charming episode of the daughter of Aunflorreis of Orkney, in the scene of the charcoal-burner, in Fulk's adventures with Messobryns's sister, and in his repentance.

From the whole there emanates a poetic perfume which alone would prove that we have to do with a poem rendered into prose, even if we had not got, in the text itself, numerous pages where whole passages in verse are met with. In his preface, Thomas Wright has said what is essential on this subject. We will content ourselves with referring the reader to his

preface, and also to the notice of H. L. D. Ward, for all that concerns the relation of Fulk Fitz-Warine with the works of Anthony Munday and of Henry Chettle.

Among the works which have derived, more or less immediately, their inspiration from the history of Fulk Fitz-Warine, we think it is of interest to note Professor Skeat's *Ludlow Castle*, in which the author so skilfully versified the love-story of Havise, evidently under the influence of Sir Walter Scott.

LOUIS BRANDIN.

IN the time of April and May, when once again the meadows and the pastures become green, and all living things renew their virtue and beauty and strength, and the hills and the valleys resound with the sweet warble of the birds, and, by reason of the beauty of the weather and of the season, all hearts are uplifted and made glad, then is it meet that we should call to remembrance the adventures and the brave deeds of our ancestors, who made endeavour to seek honour in loyalty, and to relate such things as should be profitable to many.

Good sirs, of old have you heard tell how that William the Bastard, the Duke of Normandy, came, with a great host, and folk without number, into England, and there conquered by force all the land, and slew the King Harold, and caused himself to be crowned at London, and established peace and laws as it pleased him, and bestowed lands on divers folk who came with him. At that time Owen Gwynned was Prince of Wales, and he was a valiant and dexterous

warrior, and the King feared him more than all beside. This Owen had laid waste all the march, and all was void from Chester unto Mount Gilbert. And the King equipped himself very richly, and with a great host he came into the county of Shrewsbury, and found all the towns from Chester unto Shrewsbury burnt, for the Prince claimed all the march for his own, and as pertaining to Powis.

And the Prince withdrew, for he dared not await the King. And the King was very wise, and he bethought him that he would give the lands of the march to the most valiant knights of all his host, to the end that the march might be defended against the Prince, to their own profit, and to the honour of their lord, the King. And the King called unto him Roger de Belehealme, and gave unto him all the county of Shrewsbury free of all service, and it was called a County Palatine. And Roger founded without the town of Shrewsbury an abbey of St. Peter, and he endowed it right richly. And he held the county all his life. He began a castle at Brugge, and another he began at Dynan, but never did he finish them.

And after that Roger was dead, Robert, his son, had all the county of Shrewsbury, and Ernald, his younger son, had Pembroke. They were men very

wanton and very base, and they did great wrong to their lord, King Henry, the son of William the Bastard, and brother to King William Rufus, in that they finished the castle of Brugge despite the behest of King Henry, for the which King Henry dispossessed them, and banished them for the rest of their days, and gave their lands to his knights. And the castle of Dynan, and all the country around on the borders of the river of Corve, with all its fiefs, he gave to Sir Joce, his knight. And from that time forth he took unto himself the surname of Dynan, and was called of all Joce de Dynan. And this Joce finished the castle the which Roger de Belehealme in his time had begun, and he was a strong and valiant knight. And longwhile was the town called Dynan which is now called Ludlow. And this Joce caused to be built, below the town of Dynan, a bridge of stone and lime, extending beyond the river of Teme to the highway which passes over the march from Chester to Bristol. And Joce built his castle of Dynan with three walls, and encompassed it about with two fosses, one within and one without.

Now when King William the Bastard came to the hills and valleys of Wales, he saw a very large town, aforetime enclosed with high walls, all burnt and laid

waste. And below the town, in a plain, he caused his tents to be set up, and there would he remain, said he, that night. Then inquired the King of a Briton the name of the town, and how it came to be thus laid waste. "Sire," said the Briton, "this will I tell you. The castle was aforetime called Castle Bran, but now it is called the Old March. In time past there came into this country one Brutus, a very valiant knight, and Corineus, from whom Cornwall has still its name, and many others derived from the lineage of Troy. And none inhabited these parts save some very ill-favoured folk, great giants, whose king was called Geomagog. And these heard of the coming of Brutus, and they set them forth to encounter him. And at last all the giants were slain, save only Geomagog, who was of marvellous size. And Corineus, the valiant, said that willingly would he do combat with Geomagog, to essay the strength of Geomagog. And at the first onset, so tightly did the giant embrace Corineus, that he brake three of his ribs. And Corineus was filled with anger, and struck Geomagog with his foot, so that he fell from a great rock into the sea, and there was Geomagog drowned. And then an evil spirit entered into the body of Geomagog, and came into these parts, and

long did he defend the country, so that never Briton dared dwell there. And longwhile after, King Bran, the son of Donwal, caused the city to be rebuilt, and he made good the walls, and strengthened the large fosses, and he built Burgh and Great March. And the Evil Spirit came by night, and despoiled all that was therein, and since then has no one ever dwelt there."

Greatly did the King marvel at this. And Payn Peverel, a proud and brave knight, cousin to the King, heard all, and said that that night he would essay the marvel. And Payn Peverel armed himself very richly, and took his shield of shining gold, with a cross indented azure, and fifteen knights and other men-at-arms, and he went into the chieftest palace, and there lodged him. And when that the night was come, the weather became so foul and black and dark, and there arose such a tempest of lightning and thunder, that so affrighted were all those who were there, that they could stir neither foot nor hand, but lay upon the ground as though dead. And the proud Payn was sore afraid, but he put his trust in the God whose sign of the cross he bore, and he perceived that he could have no help save from God alone. And he lay upon the ground, and with right true devotion he

prayed God and his Mother Mary that they would defend him that night from the power of the Evil One. And scarce was his prayer ended, than there came the Devil in the semblance of Geomagog, and he carried in his hand a large club, and from his mouth he hurled forth fire and smoke, by the which the town was all illumined. But Payn had great trust in God, and signed himself with the cross, and valiantly did he assail the Devil. And the Devil uplifted his club, and would have struck Payn, but that he avoided the blow. And by reason of the cross, the Devil was sore dismayed, and his strength failed him, for he could not come nigh the cross. And Payn pursued him until he smote him with his sword, so that he began to cry out, and fell all flat upon the ground, and yielded himself vanquished. "Sir Knight," said he, "you have laid me low not by reason of your own strength, but by virtue of the cross which you bear." "Tell me, you ill-favoured creature," said Payn, "who you are, and what is your concern in this town. I conjure you in the name of God and of the Holy Cross." Then began the Evil One to relate, word for word, that which the Briton had erewhile recounted, and he told how that as soon as Geomagog was dead, forthwith he rendered his soul to Beelzebub,

their Prince, who entered into the body of Geomagog, and came in his form into these parts to guard the great treasure which Geomagog had gathered together and put into a house which he had made beneath the ground in that town. And Payn asked of him what sort of creature he was, and he made answer that aforetime he was an angel, but that now, for his offence, he was become an evil spirit. "And what treasure," said Payn, "had Geomagog?" "Oxen, and cows, and swans, and peacocks, and horses, and all other beasts, wrought in fine gold. And he had a golden bull, the which, through my aid, was his seer, and in it was all his trust, and it told unto him the adventures that were to befall. And twice in each year did the giants do homage to their god, the which was the golden bull, by the which so much gold was gathered together, that it is a marvel. And afterward it came to pass that all this land was called the White Plain, and I and my comrades set the plain about with a high wall and a deep fosse, so that there was no way in save only by this town, the which was full of evil spirits. And in the plain we held jousts and tournaments, and many came for to see the marvels, but never an one escaped. And at last there came a disciple of Jesus, who was called Augustine, and by

reason of his preaching he took many from us, and he baptized folk, and built a chapel in his name; from the which sore trouble came to us." "Now tell me," said Payn, "where is the treasure of which you have spoken." "Knight," answered he, "speak no more of that, for it is destined for others. But you will be lord of all this fief, and those who shall come after you shall hold it with much strife and war. And from thy default will issue the wolf who will do wonders, who will have sharp teeth, and will be known of all, and will be so strong and fierce that he will drive the wild boar from out the White Plain, such great power will he have. The leopard will follow the wolf and will menace him at arm's length. The wolf will leave woods and hills, in the water will he dwell with the fishes, and he will pass over the sea, and will environ this whole island. At length will he subdue the leopard by his cunning and his artifice. Then will he come into this plain, and will make his stronghold in the water."

And when the Spirit had thus spoken, he came out of the body, and there arose such a stench, that Payn thought to die of it. And when the Spirit was departed, the night cleared, and the weather became fair, and the knights and the others who had been

affrighted, rallied themselves, and much marvelled they at the adventure which had chanced to them. And on the morrow the matter was shown to the King and to all the host. And the King caused the body of Geomagog to be brought, and to be cast into a deep pit without the town, but he caused the club to be preserved, and longwhile he showed it unto the people because of the marvel of its size.

And the King departed thence, and came into a country hard by the White Plain, the which aforetime belonged to a Briton, Meredus, the son of Beledyns. And on the border of it was a small castle called Tree of Oswald, but now is it called Osewaldestre. And the King summoned a knight, Alan, the son of Flaeu, and gave unto him the small castle with its fiefs. And from this Alan come all the great lords of England who have for surname Fitz Alan. And later, this Alan caused the castle to be much enlarged.

And the King passed the river of Severn, and saw that the country around was good and fair. And he called unto him a knight who was born in Lorraine, in the city of Metz, and who was much renowned for strength, for comeliness, and for courtesy. And his banner was of red samite, with two golden pea-

cocks. And he gave to him Alberbury, with all its fiefs. And in such manner did the King grant unto his best and most trusty knights all the lands, chases, and fees, from Chester even unto Bristol.

And the King sent for Payn Peverel, and made grant to him of the White Plain, with its forests and wastes and chases, and all the land. And there was on it a little hill environed by marsh and water. And there Payn built a fair and strong tower, and the little hill was called Waybury, and there runs by it a river, the which takes its name from Payn Peverel, and it is called Peverel, but to fore it was called Pevereynes. And after that he had thus set the country in order, the King went back to London, and from London to Normandy, and there he died. Then there reigned in England William Rufus, his son, and after him, Henry, his younger brother, who afterward detained Robert Courthose, his eldest brother, in prison, his whole life long, the reason of which will not be here set out.

And then it happed that Payn Peverel died in his castle on the Peak. And William Peverel, the son of his sister, became possessed of all the heritage of Payn. And after, this William conquered with his sword all the land of Morlas even to the waters of Dee, and

Ellesmere, and Maelor, and Nauhendon. And this William built a tower in the White Plain, and he called it White-Tower, the which is in English Whittington. And in Ellesmere he built another tower, and yet another on the waters of Keyroc. And William had two fair nieces, the elder Eleyne, and the younger Melette, and he gave Eleyne to the son of Alan to wife, and bestowed on her, on her marriage, all the land of Morlas as far as Keyroc. But Melette was the fairer, and for her beauty she was the more desired, but none found favour with her. And William reasoned with her, and besought of her that she would discover unto him if there was in the world any knight whom she would take for lord, and if there was not such an one, then would he aid her all he could. "Certes, Sire," said she, "no knight is there in all the world that I would take for the sake of riches and the honour of lands, but if ever I take such an one, he shall be handsome, and courteous, and accomplished, and the most valiant of his order in all Christendom. Of riches I make no account, for truly can I say that he is rich who has that which his heart desires." And William, when he heard this, smiled, and said, "Sweet niece, well have you spoken, and I will aid you as much as in me lies to find such

a lord. And for portion I will give you White-Tower, and all that belongs to it, with all its fiefs, for so much the more will the woman who has land in fee be sought after." Then William made a proclamation in many a land, and in many a city, that all the knights of worth who would tourney for love, should come at the feast of St. Michael to the castle of Peverel, which is on the Peak, and the knight who should do best, and should win the tournament, that one should have the love of Melette of the White-Tower, and should be lord and seigneur of White Town and of all its fiefs. And forthwith was this proclamation published throughout many lands. And Guarin de Metz, the valiant, had neither wife nor child, and he made known to John, the Duke of Brittany, all the contents of this proclamation, and prayed of him aid and succour in his need. And the Duke was very valiant. He had ten sons who were knights, the fairest and the most valiant of body in all Brittany—Roger, the eldest, and Howel, and Audoin, and Urien, and Theobald, and Bertram, and Amis, and Guichard, and Gerard, and Guy. And the Duke sent these ten sons, and an hundred knights with them, well mounted, and furnished with rich apparel, to his cousin Guarin de Metz, and he received them with

great honour. And Eneas, the son of the King of Scotland, came with the Count of Murray ; and also the Bruces, the Dunbars, and the Umfrevilles, and two hundred knights. And Owen, the Prince of Wales, came with two hundred shields, and the Duke of Burgundy with three hundred knights. Ydromor, the son of the King of Galloway, came with an hundred and fifty knights. And the knights of England were numbered at three hundred. And Guarin de Metz and his companions encamped themselves in tents set in the forest nigh unto where the tournament should be, well clad by mutual accord in red samite, and in warlike fashion were their steeds accoutred down to the ground. And Guarin himself, so as to be unknown of the others, bare a crest of gold. Then resounded the tabors, the trumpets, and the saracen horns, until the valleys echoed with the sound. And the tournament waxed fierce and desperate. There could one see knights unhorsed, and many hard blows given, and many overcome.

And the damsel, and many ladies, had ascended a tower, and saw the fair assemblage of knights, and how each one bore himself. To record the blows and the issues I am not minded, but Guarin de Metz and his company proved that day the best, the fairest,

and the most valiant, and above all, Guarin was the most praised in all ways. And the evening drew nigh, and because of the night, the tournament could no longer endure. The knights departed to their hostels, and Guarin and his companions returned privily to their tents in the forest, and disarmed them, and made great rejoicing. And not one of the other great lords knew whither they went, or who they were, so secretly did they bear themselves, and they were unknown of all.

And on the morrow a general tourney was proclaimed. Then Guarin came to the joust as if by chance, and all unknown, and decked with ivy leaves all fresh from the forest. And when the Duke of Burgundy espied him, anon he rushed upon him, and dealt him a heavy blow with his lance, and Guarin struck him back, and he was unhorsed in the middle of the lists, and then fell another, and then a third. And Melette of the White-Tower sent him her glove, and prayed of him to defend her. And he made answer that he would do what in him lay, and then he repaired to the forest, and armed himself with his red harness, and came with his companions into the lists, and he was victorious in the tourney, and held the field against all comers. Then was it adjudged by all the great

lords and the heralds and the umpires, that to Guarin, who was the victorious knight, of right fell the prize of the tournament, and Melette of the White-Tower. And with great joy did he take her, and the damsel him. Then they sent for the Bishop of the country, and, in the sight of all, they were wedded. And William Peverel made a very rich feast at the marriage, and when that the feast was ended, Guarin took his spouse and his company, and they departed to White Town, and there they stayed in great felicity forty days. Then the ten brothers returned with their hundred knights to Brittany, but Guy, the youngest brother, remained in England, and conquered with his sword many fair lands, and he was called Guy l'Estrange, and from him are descended all the great lords of England who have for surname Estrange.

And longwhile in great honour Guarin de Metz held the lordship of White Town, but Jervard, the son of Owen, Prince of Wales, did him great damage, and slew his people and laid waste his lands. And then a day of battle was appointed, when many brave men perished. And in the end, Jervard was vanquished, for he lost many of his men, and he abandoned the field and fled in dishonour.

Then did Guarin appoint a very powerful and

brave knight, Guy, the son of Candelou de Porkington, to guard the honour of White Town and the other lands. And it befell that the lady became with child. And when she was delivered at the time ordained of God, they called the child Fulk. And when the child was seven years of age, they sent him to Joce de Dynan to teach and to nurture, for Joce was a knight of learning. And Joce received him with great honour and great tenderness, and he nourished him in his chambers with his children, for he had two daughters, of whom the younger was of the like age with Fulk, and she was called Hawyse. And the elder was named Sibylle. And at this time there was great discord and strife betwixt Sir Joce de Dynan and Sir Walter de Lacy, who then sojourned much at Ewyas. And by reason of this discord, many good knights and many brave men perished, for they harried one another, and set fire to their lands, and plundered and robbed their people, and much other damage did they. And when Fulk was eighteen years of age, he was very fair, and strong, and tall.

And on a day in summer, Sir Joce arose early, and mounted a tower in the middle of his castle to survey the country. And he looked towards the hill which is called Whitecliff, and descried the fields covered

with knights and esquires, and men-at-arms and valets, some armed on horseback, and some a-foot, and he heard the horses neigh and saw the helmets glitter. And amongst them he saw the banner of Sir Walter de Lacy, emblazoned with new gold, a fess gules. Then he called to his knights, and bade them arm them and mount their steeds and take their crossbowmen and their archers, and go to the bridge below the town of Dynan, and hold the bridge and the ford that none might pass there. And Sir Walter and his followers thought to pass in safety, but the followers of Sir Joce drave them back, and many on both sides were drowned and slain. Then came Sir Joce with his banner argent, three lions passant azure, surmounted with crowns or, and with him were five hundred knights and men-at-arms, on horseback and a-foot, besides burgesses and their servants, who were good men. And Joce passed the bridge in great force, and the hosts hurled themselves against one another.

And with his lance Joce pierced Godebrand, who carried the banner of de Lacy, through his body, and de Lacy lost his banner. Then the combatants fell upon each other, and on both sides there were many slain. But de Lacy was worsted, wherefore he fled

discomfited, and wended his way along the river of Teme. And the lady, with her daughters and her other maidens, had ascended a tower, and from there they saw all the battle, and devoutly they prayed God that he would save their lord and his folk from hurt and damage. And Joce de Dynan knew Walter de Lacy by his harness, and he saw him fleeing all alone, for great fear had he for his life. And he drave his spurs into his steed, and passed the hills and vales, and in a short while he was come up with de Lacy in a valley below the wood toward Broomfield, and he demanded of him to yield. And de Lacy saw no one save Joce only, and he turned him back very boldly. And they fell upon one another fiercely, for neither looked for quarter from the other. And they exchanged great and heavy blows. And to Joce it seemed that too longwhile did the combat endure, and he raised his sword with ire, and struck de Lacy on the shield, so that he clave it in twain, and badly did he wound him through the left arm. And Joce attacked him hotly, and nearly had he taken him, when Sir Godard de Bruce, and two knights with him, came to the succour of de Lacy. And very boldly did Sir Godard and his fellows assail Sir Joce on all sides, and he defended himself against them like a lion.

And the lady and her daughters in the tower saw their lord so pressed, that scarce could they endure, and they wept, and they swooned, and made great lamentation, for never more did they think to see their lord alive. And Fulk Fitz-Warine was left in the castle, for he was but eighteen years old, and he heard the cry in the tower, and mounted in haste, and saw the lady and all the others weeping. And he went to Hawyse, and asked of her what ailed her, and wherefore she bore such doleful countenance. And she made answer, "Be silent. Little do you resemble your father, who is so brave and so strong, and you are a coward, and always will be. See you not that my lord, who has cherished and nourished you with great tenderness, is in peril of death yonder for lack of aid? And you, villain, go hither and thither in safety, and give it no thought." And the valet, because of her reproof, was all filled with anger and vexation, and anon he descended from the tower, and found in the hall an old and rusty hauberk, and forthwith he put it on as best he knew how, and he took in his hand a large Danish axe. And he went to a stable the which was nigh unto the postern leading to the river, and there he found a pack-horse. And forthwith he mounted the pack-horse, and went forth by the

postern, and soon passed the river, and went to the field where his lord was struck down from off his steed, and on the point to be slain if he had not come up. And Fulk had an ill-fashioned helm, the which well-nigh covered his shoulders. And at the first onset he struck with his axe Godard de Bruce, who had seized his lord, and he clave his spine in twain, and he set his lord again in his saddle. And then Fulk addressed himself to Sir Andrew de Preez, and he dealt at him with his axe on his helm of white steel, so that he clave it clean to the teeth. And Sir Arnald de Lys saw well that in nowise could he escape, for he was sore wounded, and he yielded him to Sir Joce. And de Lacy defended himself, but in a little he was captured.

And then were Sir Walter de Lacy and Sir Arnald de Lys taken, and they were led over the river to the castle of Dynan. Then spake Sir Joce, "Friend burgess, you are very strong and brave, and but for you I should have been now dead. Much am I beholden to you, and shall be for alway. You shall dwell with me, and never will I fail you." And Joce thought that he had been a burgess, for the burgesses of right carried arms, and those which the lad bore were rusty and rude. Then the lad made answer

and said, "Sire, I am no burgess. Know you me not? I am Fulk, your foster-child." "Fair son," said he, "blessed be the day that ever I nourished you. Never is labour lost which is done for a brave man."

Then they led Sir Walter and Sir Arnald to a tower which is called Pendover, and there they caused their wounds to be dressed, and they guarded them in great honour. And each day the lady and her daughters and their damsels comforted and solaced Sir Walter and Sir Arnald de Lys.

And Sir Arnald was a young bachelor, and fair, and he was greatly overcome of love of Marion de la Bruere, a very pretty damsel, and she was the chief serving-woman to the lady of the castle of Dynan. And oft did Sir Arnald and the damsel hold converse together, for each day she came unto the tower with her lady for to comfort Sir Walter de Lacy and Sir Arnald. And on a day it happed that Sir Arnald, when that he saw occasion, besought the damsel, and said that she was the one he most loved, and so much was he overcome of love of her, that no rest could he have day or night without she yielded to him, for she could aid him in all his troubles. And if this she would do, then would he plight his honour that never

another would he love, but her only, and as soon as he should be free, then would he take her to wife. And the damsel heard the fair promise, and granted unto him to do all his will, and took surety of him that he would do by her according to his promise. And the damsel made promise to them that she would privily aid them to the utmost, to the end that they might be delivered out of prison. And she took towels and sheets, and carried them to the tower, and sewed them together, and with these she let down Sir Walter and Sir Arnald from the tower, and she prayed of them to keep their faith, and the promise which they had made unto her. And they answered her that loyally would they behave to her, without breaking their pledge, and they commended her to God.

And Sir Walter and Sir Arnald departed on their way all alone a-foot. And at daybreak they came to Ewyas, to the castle of Sir Walter de Lacy. And when the people saw their lord returned sound and in health, it needs not to ask if they were well pleased, for they thought to have lost him for aye. And on the morrow, Joce de Dynan arose, and he went to his chapel within the castle, the which was built and was dedicated to the honour of the Magdalene, and

the day of dedication was the day of St. Cyriac, with seventy days of pardon. Here he heard the service of God, and when that he had done this, he ascended the highest tower which is in the third bailey of the castle, the which is now called of many Mortimer. And for this reason has it the name of Mortimer, that longwhile was one of the Mortimers imprisoned in it. And Joce surveyed the country, and naught saw he amiss. And he descended from the tower, and sounded the horn for washing, and sent for his prisoner, Sir Walter, for he held him in such honour that never would he wash or eat afore him. And the prisoners were sought everywhere. But to no purpose was it, for they were escaped. And Sir Joce made no semblance of regret for their going, nor did he take any heed of it.

And Sir Walter thought to avenge himself or die. And he sent for his people of Ireland, and took into his pay knights and others, so that there was rude combat and hard fighting betwixt Sir Walter and Sir Joce. And the earls and the barons of England saw the great mortality and the hurt which had chanced, and which still chanced betwixt them from day to day, so that they devised a love-day between Sir Walter and Sir Joce, and then all grievances were

redressed, and the parties were reconciled, and before the great lords they embraced one another.

And Joice de Dynan sent letters to Guarin de Metz, the father of the lad Fulk, and to Melette, his good lady. And Fulk was dark of countenance, and because of this he was called of many Fulk le Brun.

Then Guarin and Melette, with a great retinue, came to the castle of Dynan, and there they were received with much honour and gladness, and they tarried there a week. And Joice spake with great courtesy to Guarin, and said to him, "Sire, here have you a son whom I have fostered for you. I trust that he will be a brave and valiant man, and that he will be your heir if he survive you. And I have two daughters who are my heirs, and if so it pleases you, I would that we may be allied by marriage, and then scarce shall we fear that, for any great lord in England, our cause shall not be maintained of right and of justice. And if you will grant this, I would that Fulk le Brun wed Hawyse, my younger daughter, and that he be heir to the moiety of all my lands." And Guarin gave him much thanks for his fair offer, and said that he would grant unto him all according to his wish. And on the morrow they sent to Hereford for the Bishop de And the Bishop came,

and with great honour he wedded them. And Joce held high festival for fifteen days. And when the feast was ended, Sir Joce and Sir Guarin and their households departed to Hartland, for there would they sojourn awhile. And Marion de la Bruere feigned to be sick, and she lay in her bed, and said that so sick was she, that she could not move save with great dolour. And she remained at the castle of Dynan. And Joce commanded that she be well cared for. And for fear of de Lacy and of other folk, he took into his pay thirty knights, and seventy fighting-men and valets, and he delivered unto them his castle to guard until the time of his return into the country. And when Joce was departed, Marion sent a message on the morrow to Sir Arnald de Lys, and she prayed of him, for the great amity that was between them, that he would not forget the covenants made between them, and that he would come in all haste to speak with her at the castle of Dynan, for that her lord, and her lady, and the greater part of their household, were departed to Hartland, and that he would come to the self-same place where aforetime he had escaped from the castle. And when Sir Arnald had heard the message of his mistress, forthwith he sent back the same messenger, and prayed

of her that for the love of him she would measure the height of the window by the which he had made good his escape from the castle, and that she would send back word by the same messenger what kind of folk, and how many, and what household, her lord had left behind him. And the damsel, who had no suspicion of treason, took a silken thread, and let it down from the window to the ground, and then she sent to Sir Arnald all the condition of the castle. And Sir Arnald sent back word to his mistress that on the fourth day, before the hour of midnight, he would be at the same window by the which he had passed out, and he prayed of her to await him there.

And Sir Arnald de Lys caused a ladder of leather to be made of the same length as the silken thread which his mistress had sent unto him. Then went Sir Arnald to Sir Walter de Lacy, his lord, and recounted unto him how that Fulk, the son of Guarin de Metz, had wedded Hawyse, the daughter of Sir Joce de Dynan, and how that Sir Guarin and Sir Joce had left a garrison in the castle of Dynan, and had themselves departed to Hartland to seek fighting-men, and there to assemble their men, and to muster a host, and people without number. "And," said he, "when all the host shall be assembled, forthwith

will they come to Ewyas, and will burn and seize your lands. And if they can take your body, you will be cut in small pieces, and you and yours will be disinherited for ever. And she who sends me this news is well known unto you, and she knows and has heard the truth."

And when Sir Walter heard these tidings, he became all pale with rage, and said, " Certes, I cannot believe that Sir Joce would do me such deceit, since we are reconciled, and before many did we embrace each other. And sorely was I vexed that our peers said that by me would the truce be broken, and that Sir Joce is held as a loyal knight." " Sire," made answer Sir Arnald, " you are my lord. I warn you of your hurt, for I know the truth from her who has heard speak of the matter. And tell me not at another time that I knew of your hurt, and would not warn you of it, nor that I have belied my fealty unto you."

And Sir Walter became very pensive, for he knew none to counsel him well in the matter. And at last he said, " Sir Arnald, what do you counsel me ? " " Sire," said he, " put trust in my counsel, and you will do well. I myself will go, with my company, and by a ruse will I take the castle of Dynan. And

when Sir Joce shall have lost his stronghold, then will he harry you the less, and he will give up his purpose, and by so much will you be avenged on him for the shame which ofttimes he has brought upon us. And consider, Sire, that, whether it be right or wrong, it is meet that a man avenge himself on his enemy."

And Sir Walter yielded himself in all things to the counsel of Sir Arnald, and he thought that he had spoken to him truly in all that he had said ; but he lied unto him like a false knight.

And Sir Arnald got ready his company, which was large, for he had more than a thousand of knights and of esquires and of men-at-arms. And he came to the castle of Dynan by night, and he caused some of his company to remain in the wood nigh unto White-cliff, and the others to embush themselves below the castle in the gardens. And the night was very dark, so that they were not perceived by the watch, nor by any other. And Sir Arnald took with him an esquire who carried the leathern ladder, and they went to the window where Marion awaited them. And when she saw them, never was she so joyful, and she let down a cord, and drew up the ladder, and made it fast to a crenelle in the wall. And safely and easily did Sir Arnald mount the tower, and he

took his love in his arms and kissed her. And they had great joy, and went thence into another chamber and supped, and then went they to bed, and the ladder was left hanging. And the esquire who had carried it sought the knights and the large company who were ambushed in the garden of the lord and elsewhere, and he brought them to the ladder. And an hundred men, well armed, mounted by the leathern ladder, and descended from the tower Pendover, and went by the wall behind the chapel. And they found the watch asleep, for he seemed heavy with the presentiment of death. And forthwith they took him, and would have cast him down from the tower into the deep fosse but that he cried them mercy, and begged of them that they would let him whistle a note ere he died. And they granted unto him his request, but this he asked to the end that the knights within might be warned. But all in vain was it, for whilst he whistled, most of the knights and the men-at-arms were cut to pieces. And they screamed, and cried out in their beds, that God might have pity. But the companions of Sir Arnald were without pity, and all within were put to a cruel death, and many a sheet that was white at even, was all reddened with blood. And then they cast the watch into the deep

fosse, and his neck was broken. And Marion de la Bruere lay beside her love, Sir Arnald, and knew naught of the treason that Sir Arnald had committed. And she heard great ado in the castle, and she arose and looked down from the castle, and heard the clamour, and the cries of the wounded, and she saw the armed knights and their white helms and hauberks. Then did she perceive that Sir Arnald had deceived her, and had betrayed her, and she began to weep very sadly, and said ruefully, "Alas that ever I was born of mother ! for, by my fault has my lord, Sir Joce, who has fostered me in safety, lost his castle and his brave men, and if I had never been, naught would have been lost. Alas that ever I put my trust in this knight, for by his cunning he has deceived me, and my lord, who is still more to me !" And all weeping, Marion drew the sword of Sir Arnald and said, "Awaken, Sir Knight, for you have led a strange company into the castle of my lord without warrant. But if you, Sire, and your esquire, were lodged by me, not so were the others, who are here by your means. And since you have deceived me, you cannot rightly blame me if I render unto you service according to your desert. Never shall you make boast to any mistress that you may have, that by my deceit you gained the

castle of Dynan and the country.” And the knight arose. And Marion, with the sword which she held drawn in her hand, ran it through the body of the knight, and the knight perished forthwith. And Marion knew well that if she were taken, she would be delivered over unto a cruel death, and she knew not what to do. So she let herself fall from a window towards Linney, and brake her neck.

And the knights who were in the castle unfastened the gates, and they sallied forth into the town, and opened the gate of Dynan towards the river, and made all their men to come in. And at the end of each street in the town they placed many men, and caused the town to be set on fire. And the burgesses and the fighting-men of the town, when they saw the fire, rose from their beds, some naked, and others clad, and they knew not what to do, for they were all well-nigh’ mad. And the knights and the esquires of de Lacy fell upon them, and cut them to pieces, and slew of them a great number. And the burgesses could not defend themselves, neither knew they how, and all who were found were cut to pieces, or burnt in the fire. And the damsels fled by the lanes, and saw their fathers and their brothers lie slain in the way, and they fell on their knees, and prayed

mercy, and pardon of their life. But it was in vain, as the history recounts. Men, women, and children, young and old, all were slain, either by weapon or by fire.

And at last the day dawned, and then they sent to their lord that he, with all his force, should come to the castle of Dynan. And this he did, and he caused his banner to be raised on Pendover in sign that he had gained the place where once he was put in prison. But the town, and all that was therein, was burnt to ashes.

And when the news came to Sir Joce and to Sir Guarin de Metz, they were sore grieved, and sad and sorrowful. Then they sent far and near to their kinsmen and their friends and their own folk, so that they had, within the month, seven thousand hardy men, well appointed. And they came to the castle of Key, which is entrenched upon a little hill a league's distance from Dynan. But Castle Key was old at that time, and the gates were rotten, for no one had dwelt therein for the space of an hundred years. For Key, the seneschal of my lord King Arthur, built it, and to him belonged all the country, and even now it bears the name, for the country folk call it Keyenham. And Joce, and Guarin, and Fulk le

Brun, with their men, went on the morrow to the castle of Dynan, and attacked it very fiercely on all sides. And right bravely did Sir Walter and his knights defend the crenelles and the walls. And then Sir Walter and his Irish men sallied forth from the castle, and they made a fierce onset on those who were without. And Joce, and Guarin, and Fulk assailed them on all sides, and slew them in great numbers. And the Irish lay cut to pieces in the fields and the gardens, so that Sir Walter and his men were worsted, and he and his men retreated, and entered the castle, and defended the walls. And if they had remained without, very grievous tidings would they have heard.

And Sir Joce and Sir Guarin returned to their lodgings and disarmed them, and when they had eaten, they made merry together.

And on the morrow they attacked the castle very fiercely on all sides, but they could not take it. And all they could find without, they cut to pieces. And longwhile the siege endured. And thereafter it happed that, by the assent of a King of England, the gates of the castle, which were treble, were burnt and consumed by fire, the which was kindled with bacon and with grease, and the tower over the gate was burned

likewise. And the high tower which is in the third bailey of the castle, the which was so strong and so well built that at that time was no stronger or better known, was in great part thrown down, and the bailey was well-nigh all destroyed.

And Sir Guarin fell sick, and took his leave of Sir Joce, and he went to Alberbury with one esquire only, and died. And Fulk le Brun, when his father was dead, came to Alberbury, and received the homage and the fealty of all the people who held of his father, and he took his leave of Melette, his mother, and of Hawyse, his wife, and then returned he to Sir Joce, and related unto him that which had happened to his father, at the which news was Joce sore grieved.

And Sir Walter was sorrowful and an angered that he had lost his men, and he feared much to be beaten and vanquished, and he thought within himself very anxiously, and then he sent a letter to Jervard Droyn-doun, the Prince of Wales, as to his lord, friend, and kinsman, and he recounted unto him by letter how that Sir William Peverel, who held Maelor and Ellesmere, was dead, and that those lands were of the seigniory pertaining to Powis, and that wrongfully did Sir William hold them by gift of the King of England, and that the King would seize them for his

own. "And, if he does so, a very bad neighbour will he be to you, for he loves you not. And because of this, Sire, come you, and challenge your right, and if so it pleases you, send me succour, for closely am I besieged in the castle of Dynan."

And Jervard, when he heard the news, assembled the Welsh, and the Scotch, and the Irish, to the number of more than twenty thousand, and then he hasted to the march, and burnt the towns, and plundered the people, and so great a host had he, that the country could not withstand them. And Joce was wary, and he learnt of the approach of Jervard, and he and his people and Fulk armed themselves, and boldly did they attack Roger de Powis and Jonas his brother, who came in the vanguard of the host of Jervard, and they slew many of their men. And Roger and Jonas could not withstand the attack, and they resorted again backward. And at length came Jervard, armed, and his arms were or, quarterly gules, and in each quarter a leopard. And he attacked Sir Joce and Fulk. And longwhile did they defend themselves, and they slew many of their people, but they had so great plenty of people, that Sir Joce could not continue the strife, and he fell back upon Castle Key, at a league from Dynan. But much

misfortune came to him, for he had lost many of his men. And Jervard and de Lacy, who were now o'erjoyed, pursued Sir Joce and Fulk, and besieged them in the small castle, and attacked them very fiercely. And for three days, without eating or drinking, Joce and Fulk defended their old and weak castle against all the host. And on the fourth day Sir Joce said that greater honour would it be to them to quit the castle, and to die on the field with honour, than to die of hunger with dishonour in the castle. And anon they sallied forth, and at their first encounter they slew more than three hundred knights, esquires, and men-at-arms. And Jervard Droyndoun and de Lacy and their men attacked Sir Joce and his men, and they defended themselves like lions, but they were hemmed in of so many, that no longer could they endure, for the horse of Sir Joce was killed, and he himself was sore wounded, and of his knights, some were taken and some were slain. Then they took Sir Joce and his knights, and they sent them to prison in the castle of Dynan, there where, aforetime, he was lord and master.

And when Fulk saw Sir Joce taken and led away, he was well-nigh beside himself with grief and anger, and he spurred his horse, and with his lance he struck

through the body a knight who led him. Then came Owen Keveyloc, a bold and fierce knight, and with a lance of ash he struck Fulk through the hollow of his body, and the lance brake, and the piece remained in his body, but his entrails were not touched. And Fulk felt himself to be sorely wounded, and no longer could he defend himself, so he took to flight, and the others followed hard after him for two leagues and more, and when they could not come up with him, they turned back, and they seized all the lands which belonged to Fulk. And they took Guy, the son of Candelou de Porkington, who was constable to Fulk, and put him in prison at Rhuddlan, and his seven sons with him.

And in sore grief was Fulk for his lord, and having heard how that King Henry was dwelling at Gloucester, he went straightway thither. And as he neared the town, the King was about to divert himself in a meadow after supper, and he saw Fulk coming armed on horseback, and riding very painfully, for he was weak, and his steed was weary. Then said the King, "Let us wait, for now shall we hear news." And Fulk came up to the King on his horse, for he could not dismount, and he told unto the King the whole of the affair. And the King rolled his eyes very

fiercely, and said that he would avenge himself of such evil-doers in his realm. And he asked of him who he was, and who was his father. And Fulk recounted unto the King where he was born, and of what people, and how that he was the son of Guarin de Metz. "Fair son," said the King, "you are very welcome to me, for you are of my blood, and I will aid you." And the King caused his wounds to be dressed. And he sent for Melette, his mother, and for Hawyse, his wife, and the rest of their household, and kept them with him, and caused Hawyse and Melette to dwell in the chambers of the Queen. And Hawyse was with child, and when her time was come, she was delivered, and they caused the child to be named Fulk. And he, in his day, was greatly renowned, and of good right was this so, for peerless was he in strength and goodness.

And when Fulk le Brun was healed of his wounds, King Henry sent a letter to Sir Walter de Lacy, and he commanded him, on pain of life and limb, that he should deliver up to him his knight Joce de Dynan, and his knights, whom wrongfully he kept in prison, and if this he did not do, then would he come seek them himself, and would do such justice that all England should hear speak of it. And when Sir

Walter had heard the message, he was sore afraid, and he delivered up Sir Joce and his knights, and furnished them with raiment, and mounted them honourably, and led them through the postern towards the river of Teme, and beyond the ford of Teme, and beyond Whitecliff, until they were come unto the highway to Gloucester. And when Sir Joce was come to Gloucester, the King received him right gladly, and made promise to him of law and justice. And Joce sojourned with the King so long as it pleased him, and then he took leave of him, and went to Lambourne, and dwelt there. And anon he died, and was interred there. And may God have mercy on his soul !

And King Henry called Fulk unto him, and made him constable of all his host, and he gave into his command all the forces of his land, that he should take men enough, and go into the march, and drive Jervard Droyndoun and his men out of the march. Thus was Fulk made master over all, for he was strong and courageous. And the King remained at Gloucester, for he ailed somewhat, and scarce could he bestir himself. And Jervard had seized the whole march from Chester unto Worcester, and he had dispossessed all the barons of the march. And Sir

Fulk, with the host of the King, made many a fierce assault on Jervard, and in a battle nigh unto Hereford, at Wormeslow, he forced him to flee, and to abandon the field. But ere that came to pass, many were slain on both sides. And for four years fierce and grievous war endured betwixt Sir Fulk and the Prince, until, at the request of the King of France, there was held at Shrewsbury a love-day between the King and Jervard the Prince, and they embraced one another, and were reconciled. And the Prince restored to the barons of the march all the lands which he had taken from them, and to the King he restored Ellesmere, but for no gold would he render up White Town and Maelor. "Fulk," said the King, "since you have lost White Town and Maelor, I give unto you, in place thereof, Alleston, and all the fief that belongs to it, to hold for ever." And Fulk thanked him with fervour. And to Lewis, the son of Jervard, a child of seven years, King Henry gave the little Joan, his daughter, and for marriage gift he gave unto them Ellesmere, and many other lands, and Lewis he took with him to London. And the Prince Jervard, with his retinue, took leave of the King, and went into Wales, and he gave White Town and Maelor to Roger de Powis. And there-

after Roger gave Maelor to Jonas, his younger brother.

Now have you heard how that Sir Joce de Dynan and his daughters Sibylle, the elder, and Hawyse, the younger, were dispossessed of the castle and fiefs of Dynan, which Sir Walter de Lacy held wrongfully. But thereafter was the town of Dynan repaired and restored, and it was called Ludlow. And also have you heard how that Sir Fulk, the son of Guarin de Metz, was dispossessed of White Town and Maelor. And anon was Sibylle, the elder sister, wedded with Payn, a very valiant knight, the son of John.

And so long time had Fulk and Hawyse dwelt with the King, that they had five sons, Fulk, and William, and Philip the Red, and John, and Alan. And the King Henry had four sons, Henry, and Richard Cœur de Lion, and John, and Geoffrey, who was afterwards Count of Brittany. And Henry was crowned whilst yet his father lived, but he died before his father. And after the death of his father, Richard was crowned, and after Richard, John, his brother, who all his life was evil, and perverse, and envious. And young Fulk was brought up with the four sons of King Henry, and much beloved was he of them all save John, for oft did he quarrel with John. And it chanced on a day

that John and Fulk were alone in a chamber playing at the chess. And John seized the chessboard, and gave Fulk a heavy blow. And Fulk felt himself hurt, and he raised his foot, and kicked John in the chest, so that his head struck against the wall, and he became all powerless, and fell down senseless. And Fulk was sore afraid, but glad was he that no one was in the chamber save themselves alone, and he rubbed the ears of John, and he recovered from his faintness, and went to the King, his father, and made sore plaint. And the King said, "Silence, fellow, you are ever quarrelling. If Fulk has done by you aught but what is good, it must needs have been by your own desert." And he called his master, and caused him to beat him soundly and well, because of his plaint.

And John was sore and angered against Fulk, so that never after could he bear good-will toward him. And when King Henry, the father, was dead, then reigned King Richard, and because of his loyalty, dearly did he love Fulk le Brun Fitz-Warine, and he called before him at Winchester the five sons of Fulk le Brun, the little Fulk, and Philip the Red, and William, and John, and Alan, and their cousin Baldwin de Hodnet, and he equipped them very richly, and dubbed them knights. And the young Sir Fulk and

his brothers, with their company, passed the sea, for to seek praise and renown. And no tournament or joust did he hear speak of, but he would be there. And he was commended of all, and the people said for the most part that he was peerless in strength and in goodness and in courage, for such grace had he, that he came to no combat where he was not held and reputed for the best. And it came to pass that Fulk le Brun, their father, died. And King Richard sent his letters to Sir Fulk that he should come into England to receive his lands, for that his father was dead. And sorely grieved were Fulk and his brothers that Fulk le Brun, their good father, was dead. And they returned to London to King Richard, who was much pleased with them, and gave over to them all the lands of which Fulk le Brun died possessed. And the King made him ready for the Holy Land, and he committed all the march into the keeping of Sir Fulk. And much did the King love and cherish him for his loyalty, and for the great renown which he had, and Fulk was in favour with the King all the life long of King Richard.

But after his death, John, the brother of King Richard, was crowned King of England. Then he sent to Sir Fulk that he should come to him to talk

and to treat of divers matters touching the march, and he said that he would go visit the march. And he went to the Castle Baldwin, the which is now called Montgomery. And when Moris, the son of Roger de Powis, the lord of White Town, knew that the King was on his way to the march, he sent to the King a fine and fair steed, and a gerfalcon all white. And the King gave him much thanks for the gift. Then came Moris to talk with the King, and the King begged of him to remain, and to be of his council, and he made him guardian of all the march. And when Moris saw his time, he spake unto the King, and prayed of him, if so it pleased him, that he would confirm unto him by his charter the honour of White Town, to him and to his heirs, as aforetime King Henry, his father, had confirmed it unto Roger de Powis, his father. And the King knew well that Sir Fulk had rightful claim to White Town, and he called to mind the blow which Fulk had erewhile given him, and he thought that now would he be avenged of him. And he consented that whatsoever Moris should put in writing, that would he put his seal unto. And for the doing of this Moris made promise to him of an hundred pounds of silver.

And there was, hard by, a knight who had heard

all that the King and Moris had spoken, and he went in haste to Sir Fulk, and told unto him that by his charter the King would confirm to Sir Moris the lands which of right were his. And Fulk and his four brothers came before the King, and they besought of him that they might have the common law, and the lands to which they had claim and right as the heritage of Fulk. And they prayed of the King that he would receive from them an hundred poundson condition that he would grant unto them the decree of his court in respect of gain and loss. And the King made answer to them that what he had made grant of to Sir Moris, that would he hold to, whosoever might be offended, or who not. Then spake Sir Moris to Sir Fulk, and said, "Sir Knight, very foolish are you to challenge my lands. If that you say that you have right to White Town, you lie, and if that we were not in the presence of the King, this would I prove on your body." And without more ado, Sir William, the brother of Fulk, sprang forward, and with his fist he struck Sir Moris between the eyes, so that he became all bloody. And the knights came between them, so that there was no more hurt done. Then said Sir Fulk to the King, "Sir King, you are my liege lord, and I am bound by fealty to you the whiles I

am in your service, and as long as I hold lands of you, and you ought to maintain my rights, but you fail me in my rights and the common law. Never was he a good king who, in his courts, denied the law unto his free tenants. Wherefore I relinquish my homage to you." And with these words he departed from the Court, and went to his hostel. And forthwith did Fulk and his brothers arm themselves, and Baldwin de Hodnet likewise. And when they were gone half a league from the city, there came after them fifteen knights, well mounted and armed, the strongest and the most valiant of the household of the King, and they made command for them to turn back, and said that they had made promise to the King of their heads. And Sir Fulk turned him and said, "Good Sirs, very foolish were you when you made promise to give that which you cannot have." And then they contended together with lances and with swords, so that forthwith four of the most valiant of the knights of the King were slain, and all the others were wounded to the point of death, save one who perceived the peril, and took to flight. And he came to the city, and the King asked of him if Warine was taken. "No," said he, "nor nothing hurt. He and all his comrades are departed, and we

were all slain, save me, who with sore difficulty am escaped." Then said the King, "Where is Gerard de France, and Piers d'Avignon, and Sir Amis the Marquis?" "Sire, they are slain." And ere long there came ten knights, all afoot, for Sir Fulk had taken their steeds. And some of the knights had lost their noses, and some their chins, and all were vanquished. Then did the King swear a great oath that he would be avenged of them and of all their lineage.

And Fulk came to Alberbury, and there he recounted to Dame Hawyse, his mother, how they had fared at Winchester. And Fulk took great treasure from his mother, and went, he and his brothers, to his cousins in Brittany, and there they sojourned as long as it pleased them. And King John laid hands on all the lands that Fulk had in England, and did great hurt to all his kinsmen.

And Fulk and his four brothers, and Audulf de Bracy, his cousin, and Baldwin de Hodnet, his cousin, took leave of their friends and their cousins in Brittany, and came into England. And by day they reposed them in woods and on moors, and by night they roamed up and down and pillaged, for they dared not await the King, as no force had they to with-

stand him. And ere long they came to Huggefurd, to Sir Walter de Huggefurd, who had wedded Dame Vileine, the daughter of Guarin de Metz, but her right name was Emeline, and she was aunt to Sir Fulk. And afterward Fulk went on his way to Alberbury. And when he was come there, he was told of the country folk that his mother was buried, for the which Fulk made great lamentation, and most pitifully did he pray for her soul.

And Sir Fulk and his fellows went that night into a forest which is called Babbing, the which is nigh unto White Town, to espy Moris Fitz-Roger. And ere long there came a valet of the household of Moris, and he perceived them, and turned back and recounted unto Moris that which he had seen. And Moris armed himself very richly, and took his green shield with two boars of beaten gold, a bordure argent charged with fleurs-de-lys azure. And he had in his company the nine sons of Guy de la Montaigne, and the three sons of Aaron de Clairfontaine, so that there were thirty well mounted, and five hundred men afoot. And when Fulk saw Moris, he came forth in haste from the forest. And between them there was begun a hard contest, and there was Moris wounded through the shoulder, and many knights and men afoot were

slain. And at last Moris fled towards his castle, and Fulk pursued after him, and thought to strike him on the helm as he fled, but the blow descended upon the buttock of his steed. And at last came Morgan Fitz-Aaron, and shot from the castle, and struck Fulk through the leg with an arrow. And Fulk was sore grieved that he could not avenge himself as he would on Sir Moris, and he took no thought for the wound in his leg. And Sir Moris made his plaint to the King that Sir Fulk was come again into England, and that he had wounded him through the shoulder. And the King became marvellously incensed, and he commanded that an hundred knights with their company go through all England and seek and take Fulk, and deliver him over unto the King alive or dead. And they should have all their costs of the King, and if they could take him, then would the King give them lands and rich fees. And the knights went through all England to seek Sir Fulk, but there where they heard that Sir Fulk was, there would they not go for any price, for they feared him beyond measure, some for the love they bear him, and others for fear of his strength and his noble knighthood, lest hurt or death might happen to them because of his strength and his boldness.

And Sir Fulk and his company came to the forest of Bradene, and there they dwelt in secret, for they dared not do so openly because of the King. Then came from abroad ten burgher merchants, who had bought with the money of the King of England very costly cloths, and furs, and spices, and gloves for the persons of the King and Queen of England. And they carried them past the forest to the King, and there followed thirty-four men-at-arms to guard the treasure of the King. And when Fulk perceived the merchants, he called to him his brother John, and told him to go talk with these people, and inquire of them of what country they were. And John struck his steed with his spurs, and he came up with the merchants, and demanded of them what folk they were, and from what land. And a man, hasty of speech, and proud, and fierce, sprang forward, and asked of him what business he had to make inquiry what folk they were. And John asked of them to come in love to speak with his lord in the forest, and if they would not, then should they come in spite of themselves. And then one of the fighting-men sprang forward and dealt John a great blow with a sword. And John struck him back on the head, so that he fell to the ground senseless.

Then came Sir Fulk and his company, and fell upon the merchants, and they defended themselves with great vigour. And in the end they surrendered themselves, for to this were they compelled by force. And Fulk led them into the forest, and they told unto him that they were the merchants of the King. And when Fulk heard this, right glad was he, and he said to them, "Sir Merchants, if you lose these goods, on whom will the loss turn? Tell me truly." "Sire," said they, "if we lose them by our own cowardice, or by our own bad keeping, then will the loss turn on us, but if we lose them in other manner, through peril of the sea, or through the violence of man, then will the loss turn upon the King." "Speak you truly?" "Yes, Sire," made they answer. And when Sir Fulk heard that the loss would be the King's, he caused the rich cloth, and the rich fur, to be measured by his lance, and he clothed all those who were with him, both of high and low degree, with the rich cloth, and gave unto each according to his rank. And every one had ample measure. And of the rest of the goods each took what he would.

And when even was come, and the merchants had well eaten, he commended them to God, and prayed of them to salute the King in the name of Fulk

Fitz-Warine, who much thanked him for these fine clothes, and never would Fulk, nor any of his, of all the time that they were outlawed, do harm to any save to the King and to his knights. And when the merchants and their fighting-men came wounded and maimed before the King, and recounted unto the King the message of Fulk, and how that Fulk had taken his goods, nigh mad went he with rage. And he caused it to be cried throughout the kingdom, that whosoever would bring Fulk, alive or dead, to him would he give one thousand pounds of silver, and he would give to him, beside, all the lands in England which belonged to Fulk.

And Fulk went thence, and came into the weald of Kent, and he left his knights in the thick of the forest, and went all alone on horse along the highway. And he met a fellow singing right merrily, and he had decked his head with a chaplet of red roses. And Fulk prayed of him that of love he would give him the chaplet, and if he had need of it, anon would he give it back to him. "Sire," said the fellow, "very sparing of his goods is he who would not bestow a chaplet of roses at the request of a knight." And he gave the chaplet to Fulk, and he gave to him for recompense twenty sols. And the fellow knew him

well, for often had he seen him. And the fellow came to Canterbury, and there he met the hundred knights who had sought Fulk through all England, and he said to them, "Whence come you, my Lords? Have you found him whom you seek by order of our lord the King, and for your advancement?" "No," replied they. "What will you give unto me," said he, "an I take you there where I have seen him, and have heard him speak?" And they gave and made promise of so much to the fellow, that he told unto them where he had seen him, and how that he had bestowed upon him twenty sols for the chaplet which he had given unto him for naught.

And the hundred knights caused all the country to be summoned in haste, the knights, the esquires, and the fighting-men, and they beset the forest all around, and set beaters and stops, as though they were bent on the chase, and they put old folk and others with horns all over the meadows, to raise the cry upon Fulk and his companions when they should come forth from the forest.

And Fulk was in the forest, and knew naught of the affair. And ere long he heard a knight sound a great bugle, and he had suspicion, and he commanded his brothers, William, and Philip, and John, and Alan,

to mount their steeds. And his brothers mounted forthwith. And Audulf de Bracy, and Baldwin de Hodnet, and John Malveysin, mounted likewise. And soon were the three brothers of Cosham, Thomas, and Pierce, and William, who were good crossbowmen, and all the rest of Fulk's company, ready for the attack.

And Fulk and his companions issued out of the forest, and they saw, foremost of all the others, the hundred knights who had sought them throughout England. And they fell upon them, and they slew Gilbert de Mountferrant, and Jordan de Colchester, and many other knights of the company. And they passed through the midst of the hundred knights, and then they returned amongst them, and struck them down with their swords. But at length there came to their aid so many knights and esquires and burgesses and fighting-men, and folk without number, that Fulk perceived right well that he could not endure the combat, so he returned to the forest, but his brother John was wounded in the head through his helm. But ere they turned back to the forest, many brave knights and esquires and fighting-men were cut to pieces. And Fulk and his companions struck their steeds with their spurs, and fled. And on

all sides did the people raise the hue and cry upon them, and pursue them everywhere with a hue and cry. And at length they came to a path, and saw but one raising the hue and cry with a horn. And one of the company struck him through the body with an arrow, and thereupon he gave up the hue and cry.

And Fulk and his companions quitted their horses, and all afoot they fled to an abbey which was nigh. And when the porter espied them, he ran to shut the gates. But Alan was very tall, and forthwith he climbed over the walls, and the porter began to flee. "Stay," cried Alan. And he ran after him, and took the keys from him, and with the staff on which hung the keys, he struck him a blow which of necessity stopped his flight. And Alan let in all his brothers. And Fulk took the habit of an old monk, and forthwith garbed himself in it, and he took a great crutch in his hand, and went forth out of the gate, and caused the gate to be shut after him, and he went on his way. And then he went limping on one foot, and with his body propped up on the great crutch. And anon there came knights and fighting-men, with much people. And then said a knight, "Old Sir Monk, have you seen any armed knights pass by here?" "Yes, Sire. May God repay them the hurt they

have done me ! ” “ What have they done to you ? ”
“ Sire,” said he, “ I am old, and no longer can I aid me, so feeble am I. And there came seven on horse-back, and nigh fifteen afoot, and for that I could not get me hastily out of their way, no care took they for me, but they let their horses run against me, and little did they reck of what they did.” “ Say no more,” said he, “ this very day shall you be venged.” And the knights, and all the rest, went forward in haste to pursue Fulk, and soon were they the distance of a league from the abbey. And Sir Fulk stood upright to see more. And ere long there came Sir Girard de Malfée and ten companions, knights well mounted, for they were come from abroad. And they brought with them horses of worth. And then said Girard mockingly, “ Here is a stout and strong monk, and he has a belly large enough to hold two gallons.” And the brothers of Fulk were within the gate, and had heard and seen all the doings of Fulk. And without more ado, Fulk raised the great crutch, and struck Sir Girard under the ear, so that he fell to the earth quite stunned. And the brothers of Fulk, when they saw this, sallied forth by the gate, and took the ten knights, and Sir Girard, and all their harness, and bound them fast in the lodge of the porter, and they

took all their harness, and their good steeds, and went their way, and never did they stay them until they were come to Huggeford. And there was John healed of his wound.

And after that they had sojourned there awhile, there came a messenger who longwhile had sought Sir Fulk, and he saluted him on the part of Hubert, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and prayed of him that he would come in haste and speak with him. And Fulk took his people, and came nigh unto Canterbury, in the forest where afore he had been. And there he left all his company save his brother William.

And Fulk and William attired themselves as merchants, and came to Canterbury to the Bishop Hubert. And the Archbishop, Hubert le Botiler, said to them, "Good sons, you are very welcome to me. Well know you that Sir Theobald le Botiler, my brother, has been called of God, and that he had wedded Dame Maude de Caus, a lady very rich, and the fairest in all England. And so much does King John desire her because of her beauty, that scarce can she guard herself from him. And she is within, and you shall see her. And I pray of you, dear friend Fulk, and I bid you on my benison, that you take her to wife." And Fulk saw her, and well knew he that she was fair, and

good, and of good repute, and that she had in Ireland strong castles, and cities, and lands, and rents, and much homage. And with the assent of his brother William, and by the counsel of the Archbishop Hubert, he wedded Dame Maude de Caus. And Fulk remained there two days, and then took his leave of the bishop, and left his wife there, and he went back to the wood to his companions, and he told unto them of all that he had done. And they mocked him, and made game of him, and called him "husband," and they asked of him whither he would take the fair lady, whether to castle or to wood, and they made merry together. And everywhere they did great hurt to the King, but to none other, save only to those who were openly their enemies.

And there dwelt in the march of Scotland a knight who was called Robert Fitz-Sampson, and he oftentimes received Sir Fulk and his fellows, and lodged them in great honour. And he was a man of great wealth. And his wife was called Dame Anable, and she was a very courteous lady. And at this time there was in the country a knight who was called Piers de Bruvile. And this Piers used to gather together all the wild sons of the gentlefolk of the country, and other ribalds, and he went up and down the country, and

slew and robbed loyal folk, merchants and others. And this Piers, when he went with his company to rob others, caused himself to be called Fulk Fitz-Warine, by the which Fulk and his companions were sorely blamed for that of which they were not guilty. And Fulk, who, for fear of the King, could not remain too long time in one place, came by night into the march of Scotland, and he came very nigh unto the court of Sir Robert Fitz-Sampson. And he saw a great light within the court, and he heard talking within, and his name to be oft mentioned, and he made his companions to halt without. And Fulk himself boldly entered the court, and then the hall, and there he saw Piers de Bruvile and the other knights seated at supper, and Robert Fitz-Sampson and his good lady, and the household, were bound, and cast on one side of the hall. And Sir Piers and his companions were all masked, and all who served within kneeled before Sir Piers, and called him their lord Sir Fulk. And the lady, who lay bound near her lord in the hall, said very pitifully, "Ha ! Sir Fulk, by God's mercy, never did I do you hurt, and I have always loved you to my power." And Sir Fulk stood up, for he had heard all that she had said, and when he heard the lady speak, who had done to him great

kindness, for naught in the world could he longer contain himself. And, all alone, he stepped forward with his sword drawn in his hand, and said, "Peace, now! I command of all you whom I see here that no one stir a whit." And he swore a great oath that if any one made so bold as to stir, him would he hew into small pieces. And Piers and his companions felt themselves to be foiled. "Now," said Fulk, "which among you makes himself to be called Fulk?" "Sire," said Piers, "I am a knight, and I am called Fulk." "By God," said he, "arise quickly, Sir Fulk, and bind well and fast all your companions, and if not, you first shall lose your head." And Piers was much affrighted with the menace, and he arose and unbound the lord, and the lady, and the rest of the household, and bound well and fast all his companions. And when all were bound, Fulk made him to smite off the heads of all whom he had bound. And when that he had smitten off the heads of all his companions, Fulk said, "You craven knight, who make yourself to be called Fulk, in so doing, you lie. I am Fulk, and that you know right well, and I will repay you in that you have falsely accused me of robbery." And forthwith he smote off his head, and when he had done this he called his companions, and they supped there, and

were well pleased. And thus did Sir Fulk save Sir Robert and all his treasure, so that naught was lost.

And oftentimes did the King do great hurt to Sir Fulk. And Sir Fulk, though he was strong and brave, was also prudent and crafty, for oft did the King and his people pursue Sir Fulk by the footprints of his horses, and Sir Fulk oft caused his horses to be shod, and the shoes to be reversed, so that the King was deceived and tricked in the pursuit. And many a hard combat did Sir Fulk endure ere he won his heritage.

And Sir Fulk took his leave of Sir Robert Fitz-Sampson, and went his way to Alberbury, and he took up his abode in a forest nigh unto the river. And Fulk called John de Rampaigne. "John," said he, "enough do you know of minstrelsy and of jugglery. Dare you to go to White Town, and to play before Moris Fitz-Roger, and to spy out his affairs?" "Yea," answered John. And he crushed a herb and put it in his mouth, and greatly did his face begin to enlarge and to swell, and it became all discoloured, so that even his companions scarce knew him. And John dressed himself very poorly, and he took in his hand his sack with his implements of jugglery, and a great staff, and he came to White Town, and told unto the porter that he

was a juggler. And the porter led him before Sir Moris Fitz-Roger, and Moris asked of him where he was born. "Sire," said he, "in the march of Scotland." "And what news bring you?" "Sire, naught do I know save of Sir Fulk Fitz-Warine, who has been slain in a robbery that he made at the house of Sir Robert Fitz-Sampson." "Say you truly?" "Aye, certes," made he answer. "Thus say all the country folk." "Minstrel," said he, "for your news I will give you this cup of fine silver." And the minstrel took the cup, and made much thanks to his good lord. And John de Rampaigne was very ill-favoured in face and in body, and by reason of this the ribalds of the household mocked him, and treated him roughly, and they pulled him by his hair and his feet. And he raised his staff, and struck a ribald on the head, so that his brains flew out in the midst of the place. "Wretched scoundrel," said the lord, "what have you done?" "Sire," said he, "help it I could not. God have mercy on me, I have a very grievous malady, the which you can see by my face which is so swollen. And at certain times does this malady take entire hold of me, so that I have not the power wherewith to control myself." And Moris swore a great oath that if it were not for the news which

he had brought, forthwith would he have had his head smitten off. And the minstrel hastened to depart thence, for the time of his sojourn seemed long unto him. And he returned to Fulk, and recounted unto him word by word how he had proceeded, and he told how that he had heard in the court that Sir Moris, and his fifteen knights, and his household, would go, on the morrow, to the castle of Shrewsbury, for that he was keeper of all the march. And when Fulk knew that, right glad was he, and his companions also.

And Fulk arose early on the morrow, and armed himself in all haste, and his companions likewise. And Moris came towards Shrewsbury, and fifteen knights with him, and the four sons of Guy Fitz-Candelou de Porkington, and the rest of his household. And when Fulk saw him, right glad was he, and he was much an angered with him by cause that he kept his heritage from him by force. And Moris looked towards the pass of Nesse, and he saw a shield quarterly gules, per fess indented argent, and by his arms he knew that it was Fulk. "Now I know well," said Moris, "that jugglers are liars, for there is Fulk yonder."

And Moris and his knights were very brave, and

they attacked Fulk and his companions bravely, and called them thieves, and said unto them that before vespers their heads should be placed on the high tower of Shrewsbury. And Fulk and his brothers defended themselves with great vigour, and there Sir Moris and his fifteen knights, and the four sons of Guy Fitz-Candelou de Porkington, were slain, and by so many the less had Fulk enemies.

And from there Fulk and his companions went on their way towards Rhuddlan to have speech with Sir Lewis, the Prince, who had wedded Joan, the daughter of King Henry, and sister to King John, for the Prince and Sir Fulk and his brothers were nurtured together at the Court of King Henry. And greatly did the Prince rejoice at the coming of Sir Fulk, and he asked of him what accord there was betwixt the King and him. "None, Sire," said Fulk, "for by naught can I be reconciled, and by reason of this, Sire, I am come to you, and to my good lady, to have your goodwill." "Certes," said the Prince, "my goodwill do I grant and give unto you, and from me shall you have good welcome. The King of England knows not how to have good understanding with you, or with me, or any other." And Fulk made answer, "Much do I give you thanks, Sire, for much trust

have I in you and in your great loyalty. And since you have granted to me your goodwill, one thing else will I tell you. Of a truth, Sire, Moris Fitz-Roger is dead, for I have slain him." And when the Prince learned that Moris was dead, he was much an angered, and he said that if he had not given unto him his goodwill, him would he have had drawn and hanged, for that Moris was his cousin. Then came the good lady, and she made the Prince and Sir Fulk to be reconciled, so that they embraced each other, and all anger was put aside.

And at this time there was great discord betwixt the Prince Lewis and Gwenwynwyn, the son of Owen Keveyloc. And to this Gwenwynwyn pertained great part of the lands of Powis, and he was very proud and haughty and fierce, and in naught would he submit to the Prince, but made great havoc in his land. And by force of arms the Prince had wholly destroyed the castle of Metheyn, and had taken possession of Mochnant, Lannerth, and other lands which belonged to Gwenwynwyn. And the Prince committed to Fulk the charge of all his lands, and he commanded him that he should march against Gwenwynwyn and lay waste all his lands. And Fulk was prudent and heedful, and he knew well that the Prince was in the

wrong. "For the sake of God, Sire, grant me pardon," said he, "but if you do that which you have devised, much will you be blamed of all in foreign lands. And, Sire, if so it pleases you, be not an angered if that I tell you that all say that you have wronged him. And therefore, Sire, for the sake of God, pardon him, and then will he return to you at your pleasure, and serve you with goodwill. And you know not when you may have need of your barons." And so much did Fulk discourse with the Prince, and plead with him, that the Prince and Gwenwynwyn were reconciled, and the Prince restored to him all the lands which before he had taken from him.

And King John was at Winchester. And at length the news came to him that Fulk had slain Moris Fitz-Roger, and that he was dwelling with Lewis, the Prince, who had wedded Joan, his sister. And he became very pensive, and for longwhile he uttered never a word. Then he said, "Ah, holy Mary! I am the King, and rule over England, and I am Duke of Anjou and of Normandy, and all Ireland is within my seigniory, and, for all that I may give, no one can I find in all my kingdom who will avenge me of the hurt and the shame that Fulk has done unto me. But I will not fail to be avenged of the Prince." And he

caused to be summoned to Shrewsbury all his earls and his barons and his other knights, that on a certain day they should be at Shrewsbury with all their followers. And when they were come to Shrewsbury, Lewis was warned of his friends that King John would stir up much strife against him, and he called Fulk, and showed unto him all the matter. And Fulk caused to assemble at the Castle Balaham, in Pentlyn, thirty thousand good men, and Gwenwynwyn, the son of Owen, came with his men, who were strong and bold. And Fulk was well skilled in war, and he knew well all the paths by the which King John must needs pass. And the way was very narrow, and it was bounded by woods and by marsh. And he could not pass save by the highway. And the way is called the Ford of Gymele. And Fulk and Gwenwynwyn and their men came to the pass, and they caused a deep and broad ditch to be digged across the highway; and they made the ditch to be filled with water, so that, because of the ditch and the marsh, none could pass by. And beyond the ditch they set up a pale very well fortified, and the ditch may still be seen.

And then came King John with all his host to the ford, and he thought to pass in safety. And on the other side they espied more than ten thousand armed

knights who guarded the passage. And Fulk and his comrades had passed the ford by a privy path the which they had made, and they were on that side where was the King, and Gwenwynwyn and many other knights with them. And the King pointed out Fulk, and the knights of the King assailed Fulk on all sides, but much to their hurt was it that they could not come at him save in front by the causey. And Fulk and his comrades defended them like lions, and oftentimes were they unhorsed, and oftentimes remounted. And many of the knights of the King were slain, and Gwenwynwyn was sorely wounded in the head through his helm. And when Fulk saw that no longer could he and his men hold their ground without the ditch, then they returned by the privy path, and defended the pale and the ditch, and they let fly and cast quarrels and other darts upon the King's men, and they slew many, and wounded people without number. And this fierce and hard fight endured till even. And when the King saw so many of his men slain and wounded, so much was he grieved, that he knew not what to do. And then he went back to Shrewsbury.

And King John was a man without conscience. He was wicked and perverse and wanton, and was hated of

all good folk. And if he could hear of any fair lady or damsel, wife or daughter of earl or of baron, or of any other, he desired her for his pleasure, deceiving her by promises or by gifts, or else carrying her off by force. And for that he was most hated, and by reason of this many of the great lords of England had renounced their homage to the King, and because of this the King was the less feared.

And John Lestrangle, lord of Knokyn and of Ruton, held always with the King, and did hurt to the Prince's men. And for this the Prince caused the castle of Ruton to be demolished, and he took and imprisoned his men, at the which John was sore vexed. And the Prince came to the Castle Balaham, and called Fulk, and gave and restored unto him all White Town, his heritage, and Estrat and Dinorben. And Fulk thanked him greatly, and he took those he would, and went to White Town, and he caused the castle to be fortified, and everywhere repaired.

And John Lestrangle went to the King, and told unto him how that Fulk had caused him great loss of his men, and had destroyed his castle of Ruton, and he besought of the King (for he was in favour with him) that he would aid him with his forces, and would avenge him right well of Sir Fulk and his men. And

the King called Sir Henry de Audley, who was lord of Red Castle and of its fiefs, and was the first to come by it, and he commanded him to take ten thousand knights of the most valiant in England, and that in all things he and his knights should be obedient unto Sir John Lestrangle. And Sir Henry and Sir John and their knights set out for White Town, and they slew by the way all they found, men and women, and they pillaged the country. And everywhere there was lamentation. And Fulk was at White Town, and there he entertained a fair company, for that he was but now entered into possession of his lands. And there were there from Wales seven hundred knights and many fighting-men. And when the news came to Fulk that Sir John and Sir Henry were coming nigh unto those parts, forthwith they armed themselves, and went privily to the pass of Mudle. And when Sir John saw Sir Fulk, he spurred his steed, and he struck Sir Fulk with his lance, and it flew into small pieces. And Fulk struck Sir John back in the middle of his face, through his helm, and the cut was to be seen all his life, and Sir John fell all flat on the earth. And Sir John was very valiant, and he sprang up quickly on to his feet, and he cried out in a loud voice, "Now, Sir Knights, all at Fulk!" And Fulk

made answer fiercely, "Certes," said he, "and Fulk at all!" Then the knights on both sides hurtled together. And many did Fulk and Sir Thomas Corbet and his other comrades slay. And Alan Fitz-Warine, and Philip his brother, were wounded. And when Fulk saw his brothers wounded, he was nigh mad with rage. And Fulk put himself in the thick of the fight, and whomsoever he reached could have no delivery from death. And that day Sir Fulk had but seven hundred knights, and the others were ten thousand and more. And because of this, Fulk could not prevail in the battle, so he retreated to White Town. And Sir Audulf de Bracy was unhorsed in the thick of the fight, and he defended himself very bravely, but ere long he was taken, and was led to Shrewsbury. And much did Sir Henry and Sir John rejoice at the capture, and they came to Shrewsbury into the presence of the King, and they gave up Sir Audulf to the King, who spake to him very fiercely, and he swore a great oath that he would have him drawn and hanged by cause that he was a traitor and a robber, and had slain his knights, and burnt his cities, and destroyed his castles. And boldly did Audulf make answer unto him, and said that never was he a traitor, nor any of his lineage. And Fulk was at White Town, and he

caused his brothers and his other men to be washed, and their wounds to be dressed. And then he be-thought him of Sir Audulf, and caused him to be sought for everywhere, and when that he could not be found, he thought never to see him more, and he made such great dole, that none could do more. And then John de Rampaigne came, and saw Fulk making such dole. "Sire," said he, "forbear this mourning, and, if it please God, before prime on the morrow you shall have good news of Sir Audulf de Bracy, for I myself will go speak with the King."

And John de Rampaigne knew well the tabor, the harp, the viol, the citole, and jugglery, and he attired himself very richly, like unto some earl or baron. And he caused his hair and all his body to be dyed as black as jet, so that naught was white save his teeth. And he hung around his neck a very fair tabor, and then he mounted on to a fair palfrey, and rode through the town of Shrewsbury unto the gate of the castle, and of many an one was he observed. And John came before the King, and kneeled down, and he saluted the King much courteously. And the King returned his salutations, and asked of him whence he came. "Sire," said he, "I am an Ethiopian minstrel, born in Ethiopia." And the King said, "Are all the

folk in your land of the like colour ? ” “ Aye, my Lord, both men and women.” “ And what say they of me in foreign lands ? ” “ Sire,” said he, “ you are the most renowned King in all Christendom, and because of your great renown am I come to see you.” “ Fair Sir,” said the King, “ you are welcome.” “ Sire, my Lord, great thanks.” And John said that more renowned was he for evil than for good, but the King heard him not.

And that day John made much minstrelsy with tabor and with other instruments. And when that the King was gone to bed, Sir Henry de Audley sent for the black minstrel, and led him into his chamber. And they made much melody. And when that Sir Henry had well drunk, he said to a valet, “ Go fetch Sir Audulf de Bracy, whom the King purports to put to death on the morrow, for one good night shall he have before he dies.” And anon the valet brought Sir Audulf into the chamber. Then they talked, and they played, and John commenced a song which Sir Audulf aforetime had sung, and Sir Audulf raised his head, and looked him in the face, and with great difficulty he recognized him. And Sir Henry called for drink. And John was very serviceable, and sprang up quickly, and served the cup before them all. And

John was cunning, and he let fall a powder into the cup, the which was perceived of none, for he was a good juggler. And so sleepy did all who drank become, that in short while they laid them down to sleep. And when all were asleep, John took a fool whom the King had, and he placed him betwixt the two knights who should have guarded Sir Audulf. And John and Sir Audulf took the towels and the sheets that were in the chamber, and they escaped by a window towards Severn, and went to White Town, the which was twelve leagues from Shrewsbury.

But not longwhile could the matter be hid, wherefore on the morrow the whole truth was told unto the King, who was much an angered at the escape. And Fulk arose early in the morning, for little had he slept that night. And he looked toward Shrewsbury, and he saw Sir Audulf and John coming. And it needs not to ask if he was glad when he saw them. And he ran to them, to embrace and to kiss them. And he asked of them the news. And Sir Audulf recounted unto him how that John had acted, and how they had escaped. And then Fulk, who tofore was sad, had delight and great joy.

Now let us leave Fulk, and speak of Dame Maude de Caus.

When the King, who had so much desired her, knew of a truth that she was wedded to Sir Fulk, his enemy, by the counsel of the Archbishop Hubert, he did great wrong to the archbishop and to the lady, for he thought to carry her off by force. And she fled to the minster, and there was she delivered of a daughter, and the archbishop baptized her Hawyse, and after, she was the Lady of Wem.

And Fulk and his companions came of a night to Canterbury, and from there they took the lady to Huggeford, and there she remained some time. And afterward it came to pass that the lady was with child, and she was dwelling privily at Alberbury. And the King caused her to be espied upon, and she went secretly thence to Shrewsbury, and there she was espied upon, and so great was she with child, that she could not journey thence. And she fled to the church of Our Lady at Shrewsbury, and there she was delivered of a daughter, who was baptized Joan, and after wedded Sir Henry de Pembridge. And afterward Maude had a son who was born on a mountain in Wales, and was baptized John in a brook that comes from the maiden's well. And the lady and the child were very weak, for the child was born two months before its term. And when the child was

confirmed of the bishop, he was called Fulk. And the lady and the child, who were weak, were carried from the mountain to a grange, the which was that of Carreganant.

And when the King could in nowise avenge himself of Fulk, nor put the lady to shame nor seize her, then he sent a letter to Prince Lewis, who had wedded Joan, his sister, and prayed of him that of his love he would banish from his household his mortal enemy and a felon, (the which was Fulk,) and he would restore unto him all the lands which ever his ancestors had taken from his seigniory, on condition that he should possess him of the body of Fulk. And the Prince called into his chamber his wife Joan, and he shewed unto her the letter which the King, her brother, had sent unto him. And when the lady had heard the letter, she privily sent to Sir Fulk all the tenor of it, and that the King desired to come to terms with her lord.

And when that Fulk heard the news, he was sore grieved, and he had fear of treason, and privily he sent Dame Maude with Baldwin de Hodnet to the Bishop of Canterbury, and he appointed for Baldwin to come to him at Dover. And Fulk, and his four brothers, and Audulf, and John de Rampaigne, armed them-

selves in haste, and with their other men they came unto the castle of Balaham, before the Prince. "Sire," said Fulk, "loyally have I served you to my power, but now, Sire, one knows not in whom to put trust, for, because of the great promise of the King, you would desert me. And the King has sent unto you a letter, the which, Sire, you have hidden from me. Therefore, Sire, I fear me the more." "Fulk," said the Prince, "remain with me, for, truly, I have not thought to be treacherous unto you." "Certes, Sire," said Fulk, "I believe it right well, but, Sire, in nowise will I remain." And he took his leave of the Prince, and of all his companions. And he journeyed thence by night and by day until that he was come to Dover, and there he met Baldwin, who had escorted the lady to the archbishop. And they put out to sea, and came to Whitsand.

And when that Fulk and his brothers and his other comrades were come to Paris, they saw King Philip of France, who was come into the meadows for to see his knights joust. And as yet Fulk spake not, and his comrades likewise. But when they saw so fair an assemblage, then they remained to see the jousts. And when the French saw the English knights, much the more did they labour to do well. Then Sir Druz

de Montbener, a very proud Frenchman, sent to Sir Fulk, and he prayed of him to joust with him, and forthwith Fulk granted unto him his request. And Fulk and his brothers armed them, and they mounted on to their good steeds. And John de Rampaigne was very richly attired, and well mounted, and he had a very fine tabor, and he struck the tabor as he entered the lists, and the hills and the valleys rang again, and the horses became lively. And when the King saw Fulk armed, he said to Sir Druz de Montbener, "Have good care, for very clear is it that this English knight is very skilful and valiant." "Sire," said he, "no knight is there in all the world that I dare not encounter hand to hand, on horseback or afoot." "God be with you," said the King. And Fulk and Sir Druz spurred their steeds, and encountered one another. And Fulk struck him with his lance through the middle of his shield, and pierced his good hauberk, and through the middle of his shoulder, and the lance flew in pieces. And Sir Druz fell all flat on the ground. And Fulk took the horse of Sir Druz, and he led it away, and sent it as a gift to Sir Druz, for no wish had Sir Fulk to keep the horse.

And after that, there came a French knight who would avenge Sir Druz, and he struck Fulk with his

lance in the middle of his shield, and his lance brake And Fulk struck him back on the middle of his helm, and his lance was all splintered. And the knight was unhorsed, whether he would or not. And the brothers of Fulk and his companions were ready to joust, but the King would not suffer them. And the King hasted to Fulk, and said to him, "God bless you, English knight, for right well have you done." And he prayed of him that he would sojourn with him. And Fulk gave the King much thanks, and granted unto him that it should be as he desired. And that day was Fulk observed of many, and was praised and commended in all things. And such grace had Fulk, that he never came to any place where was courage, or knighthood, or prowess, or goodness, that he was not held for the best, and without peer.

And Fulk sojourned with King Philip of France, and he was loved and honoured of the King and the Queen, and of all good folk. And the King asked of him his name. And Fulk said that he was called Amis du Bois. "Sir Amis," said the King, "know you Fulk Fitz-Warine, of whom everywhere much good is spoken?" "Aye, Sire," said he, "oft have I seen him." "Of what stature is he?" "In my estimation, Sire, of like stature with myself." And

the King said, "This may well be, for you are both valiant." And no tournament or joust in all France could Fulk hear of, but he would be there, and everywhere he was esteemed and loved and honoured because of his prowess and his generosity.

And when that the King of England knew that Sir Fulk was dwelling with King Philip of France, he sent unto the King, and prayed of him, if so it pleased him, that he would banish from his household, and from his retinue, Fulk Fitz-Warine, his mortal enemy. And when the King of France had heard the letter, he declared by St. Denis that no such knight was in his retinue, and such answer sent he to the King of England. And when Fulk had heard this news, he went to the King of France, and craved leave to depart. And the King said, "Tell me if there is aught wanting unto you, and ample amends will I have made of that for the which you would leave me." "Sire," said he, "such tidings have I heard as compel me to depart." And from this did the King understand that he was Fulk. And the King said, "Sir Amis du Bois, I trow that you are Fulk Fitz-Warine." "Of a truth, my Lord, that am I." And the King said, "You shall remain with me, and richer lands will I give unto you than ever you had in

England." "Certes, Sire," said he, "unworthy is he to receive lands as the gift of another, who is unable to hold as of right those which are his by lawful heritage."

And Fulk took his leave of the King, and came to the sea, and he saw the ships afloat on the sea, and there was no wind towards England, but the weather was fair enough. And Fulk saw a mariner who seemed hardy and daring, and he called unto him, and said, "Fair Sir, is this ship yours?" "Aye, Sire," said he. "What is your name?" "Sire," said he, "Mador of the Mount of Russia, where I was born." "Mador," said Fulk, "know you well this business, and how to carry folk by sea to divers regions?" "Certes, Sire, no land of renown is there in all Christendom whither I know not how to conduct a ship well and safely." "Forsooth," said Fulk, "yours is a very perilous calling. Tell me, Mador, fair sweet brother, by what death did your father die?" And Mador made answer unto him that he was drowned in the sea. "And your grandfather?" "He likewise." "And your great-grandfather?" "In the same manner, and all my kinsfolk that I know of, to the fourth degree." "Of a truth," said Fulk, "very foolhardy are you that you dare go

to sea." "Wherefore, Sire?" said he. "Every one will die the death that is destined for him." "Sire," said Mador, "if so it pleases you, answer my question. Where did your father die?" "Certes, in his bed." "And where your grandfather?" "He likewise." "And your great-grandfather?" "Certes, all of my lineage that I know of, died in their beds." "Of a truth, Sire," said Mador, "since all your lineage died in bed, greatly do I marvel that you dare enter any bed." And then Fulk perceived that the mariner had said truly unto him that every one shall die the death that is destined for him, and he knows not the which, whether on land or at sea.

And Fulk spake to Mador, who knew the handling of ships, and prayed him that for love, and for reward, he would design and fit out a ship, and he would defray the charges. And to this did Mador agree. And the ship was built in a forest hard by the sea, according unto the design of Mador in all things, and so good and plenteous were all the ropes and the other fittings that appertained to it, that it was a marvel, and it was beyond measure well victualled.

And Fulk and his brothers and his men put out to sea, and they drew nigh unto England. And anon Mador saw a ship well armed coming towards them.

And when the ships approached unto each other, a knight spake unto Mador and said, "Master mariner, to whom belongs this ship the which you govern, for none such is used to pass here?" "Sire," said Mador, "it is mine." "By my faith," said the knight, "it is not. You are robbers, and well do I know it by the quarterings on the sail, which are the arms of Fulk Fitz-Warine, and he is in the ship, and this day will I deliver up his body to King John." "By my faith," said Fulk, "that will you not, but if you desire aught of us, willingly shall you have it." "I will have you all," said he, "and all you have, in despite of you." "By my faith," said Fulk, "you lie." And Mador, who was a good and bold mariner, let his ship sail, and he ran right through the middle of the other ship, so that the sea entered into it. And thus did the ship perish, but first many a hard blow was given. And when the ship was vanquished, Fulk and his comrades took much riches and victuals, and they carried them to their ship. And ere long the other ship perished and sank.

And all that whole year Fulk remained coasting England, and to none would he do hurt save to King John, but oftentimes did he take his goods, and whatsoever he could of his. And Fulk set sail towards

Scotland, and ere long there came from the west a wind which drave them three days from Scotland. And at last they saw an island the which was very pleasant and fair as far as they could judge, and they sailed towards it, and found a good port. And Fulk and his four brothers, and Audulf, and Baldwin, went ashore to survey the country, and to victual their ship. And ere long they saw a lad minding sheep, and when he saw the knights, he came towards them, and saluted them in a corrupt Latin. And Fulk asked of him if he knew of any meat to sell in the country. "Certes, Sire," said he, "no, for this is an island the which is inhabited by none save a few, and these people live on their beasts. But if an it please you to come with me, willingly shall you have such meat as I have." And Fulk thanked him, and went with him, and theyouth led them into a cavern beneath the earth, the which was very fair, and he made them to be seated, and received them very kindly. "Sire," said the lad, "I have a serving-man in the mountain. Be not disquieted if that I sound the horn for him, and soon shall we eat." "In God's name," said Fulk. And the lad went without the cavern, and sounded six blasts, and then he returned to the cavern.

And anon there came six great and tall and fierce

villains, clad in coarse and ill-favoured tabards, and each had in his hand a great staff, hard and strong. And when Fulk saw them, he had suspicion of evil design. And the six villains entered a chamber, and they put off their tabards, and dressed them in a green stuff, and shoes broidered with gold, and in all things they were as richly attired as any king could be. And they came back to the hall, and saluted Sir Fulk and his companions, and they asked of them to play the chess with them, and there was brought to them a very rich chessboard, with chessmen in fine gold and silver. And Sir William played a game, but soon did he lose it. And Sir John played another, and quickly was it lost. And Philip, and Alan, and Baldwin, and Audulf, one after the other, played a game, and each one lost his. Then said one of the fiercest of the shepherds to Fulk, "Will you play?" "No," said he. "By my faith," said the shepherd, "you shall play or wrestle in spite of yourself." "By my faith, wretched villain of a shepherd," said Fulk, "in that do you lie, but if so it be that I must wrestle or play in spite of myself, I will play with you after the manner that I have learnt." And he sprang up, and drew his sword, and struck him so that his head flew into the midst of the place, and then another, and then a third,

until that Fulk and his comrades had slain all the vile scoundrels.

And Fulk entered into a chamber, and there he found an old woman seated. And in her hand she had a horn, and oft did she put it to her mouth, but in nowise could she sound it. And when she saw Fulk, she cried him mercy; and he asked of her what use the horn would be if that she could sound it. And the old woman said to him that if the horn was sounded, succour would come to her in plenty. And Fulk took the horn, and entered into another chamber, and there he saw seven damsels who were fair beyond measure. And they were garmented very richly, and did very rich work. And when they saw Fulk, they fell on their knees, and prayed him mercy. And Fulk asked of them who they were. And one of them said to him, "Sire, I am the daughter of Aunflorreis of Orkney, and whilst that my lord was dwelling in his castle in Orkney, the which is called Castle Bagot, and is on the sea, beside a very fair forest, it chanced that I and these damsels, and four knights and others, entered a boat on the sea, and went to disport ourselves. And ere long there came upon us in a ship, with their company, the seven sons of the old woman within, and they slew all our

men, and brought us hither, and, against our wills, as God knows, they have dishonoured our bodies, wherefore we pray of you, in the name of God in whom you believe, that you aid us in this captivity, if so it be that you can escape hence, for well do I see, by your look, that you are not dwellers in this country." And Fulk comforted the damsels, and said that he would aid them to his power. And Fulk and his companions found much riches and victuals and armour. And there Fulk found the haubergeon the which he held of so great worth, and which he much prized, and was wont to use hidden, and which, in all his life, he would neither sell, nor give away in exchange for aught.

And Fulk furnished his ship plenteously, and he took the damsels to his ship, and set them at their ease all he could. And then he commanded all his men that they should arm themselves in haste. And when all were armed according to their fancy, then Fulk raised the hue and cry with the little horn the which he had taken from the old woman, and there came running over the fields more than two hundred of the thieves of the country. And Fulk and his company set upon them, and they defended themselves with vigour. And there were slain of the robbers

and thieves more than two hundred, and none were there in all that island save only robbers and thieves, who were wont to slay all they could come at, or take at sea.

And Fulk asked of Mador if he knew how to bring him by sea to the realm the which is called Orkney. "Yea, forsooth," said he. "It is but an isle, and the Castle Bagot is very nigh unto the port." And Fulk said, "At this castle would I be." "Sire, this day shall you be there." And when that Fulk was arrived, then he asked of the damsels if they had knowledge of the country. "Certes, Sire," said one. "It is the realm of Aunflorreis, my father." And Fulk came to the castle, and he restored unto the King his daughter and the damsels. And he received them with great honour, and gave rich gifts unto Fulk.

And so far had Fulk sailed for to see marvels and adventures, that he had environed the seven isles of the ocean, Brittany, and Ireland, and Gothland, and Norway, and Denmark, and Orkney, and Scandinavia. And in Scandinavia there dwells no man, but only serpents and other foul beasts. And there Fulk saw horned serpents, and the horns were very pointed. And they had four feet, and flew like unto birds. And such an one assailed Fulk, and struck him with

his horn, and pierced his shield through the middle. And Fulk marvelled much at the blow, and he perceived very well that when the serpent struck him through the shield, it could not quickly withdraw its horn. And Fulk stabbed it through the heart with his sword. Then Fulk saw a venomous beast which had the head of a mastiff, a thick beard like unto a goat, and ears like unto a hare, and many other beasts which St. Patrick had driven out of Ireland, and, by the power of God, had confined here, for the good man, St. Patrick, was in favour with him. And now does no venomous beast inhabit the land of Ireland, save only lizards without tails.

And Fulk sailed towards the north over the ocean, beyond Orkney, and he found such cold and ice, that none could endure the cold, and because of the ice, the ship could not go forward in the sea. And Fulk turned him back towards England. And ere long there arose a very fearful tempest, by the which all thought to perish, and they devoutly cried to God and to St. Clement to be delivered from the storm. And this tempest endured fifteen days. And then they saw land, but they knew not what land it was. And Fulk went ashore, and saw a very fair castle. And he entered into the castle, for the gate was ajar, and no

living man or beast did he find within, or any in all the country. And much did he marvel that none should dwell in so fair a place. And he returned to his ship, and told of it to his company. "Sire," said Mador, "let us leave the ship here, and let us all go ashore, save those who shall guard our victuals, and perchance we shall soon hear from some one the state of this country." And when they were come to shore, they met a peasant. And Mador asked of him what land it was, and how it was called, and wherefore it was not inhabited. And the peasant said, "This is the kingdom of Iberia, and the country is called Carthage. And this castle belongs to the Duke of Carthage, who holds it of the King of Iberia. And this duke had a daughter, the fairest maiden who was known in the kingdom of Iberia. And this damsel ascended one day the chief tower of the castle. And there came a flying dragon, and he took the damsel, and carried her to a high mountain in the sea, and there he ate her. And this dragon has slain and destroyed all in this land, so that no one dares dwell in the country, nor does the duke dare enter the castle, so horrible is the dragon."

And Fulk returned to his galley, and he sailed on his way. Then they saw a great mountain in the sea.

“Sire,” said Mador, “this is the mountain where dwells the dragon. Now are we all in great peril !”

“Hold your peace,” said Fulk. “As yet you see naught but what is fair. Would you die of fear, Master Mador ? Many dragons have we seen, and well has God delivered us from peril. Never yet have we been in peril, but that, by the mercy of God, we have well escaped. Your cold comfort would put a coward to death.”

And Fulk took Audulf de Bracy, and step by step he ascended the mountain, the which was very high. And when they were come to the summit of the mountain, they saw lying there many good hauberks, and helms, and swords, and other arms, but, besides the arms, naught did they see save the bones of men. And they saw a large and fair tree, and a spring beneath it, running with water fair and clear. And Fulk looked around him, and saw a hollow rock. And he raised his right arm, and crossed him in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and he drew his sword, and entered with much boldness, as one who put his whole trust in God.

And he saw a very fair damsel weeping and making great dole. And Fulk asked of her whence she was. “Sire,” said she, “I am daughter to the Duke of

Carthage, and I have been here seven years. And never have I seen a Christian here who came not against his will, and, for God's sake, go away hence if you are able, for if the dragon come from within, never will you escape." "Certes," said Fulk, "never will I go until I have heard and seen more." "Damsel," said Fulk, "what does the dragon with you? Does he no harm to you?" "Sire," said she, "the dragon is fierce and strong, and he would carry an armed knight to these mountains if he but got him in his claws, and many an one has he brought hither and devoured, whose bones you may see outside, and human flesh does he love more than any other. And when his hideous face and beard are covered with blood, then he comes to me, and makes me to wash his face, and his beard, and his breast, with clear water. And when he would sleep, he goes to his couch, which is all of fine gold, for such is his nature, that beyond measure is he very hot, and gold is by nature very cold, and, to cool himself, he lies on gold. And when he goes to his couch, he takes a great stone, such as you may see there, and he puts it before the door, for fear of me, lest I should slay him as he sleeps, for he has the sense of man, and greatly does he fear me. But well I know that in the end he will slay me."

“ By God,” said Fulk, “ if so it please God, that shall he not.”

And Fulk took the damsel, and gave her into the keeping of Sir Audulf, and they came forth from the rock. And scarce were they come forth, when they saw the dragon flying in the air towards them. And from its mouth, which was glowing, it cast forth smoke and flames most horrible. And it was a very foul beast, and it had a great head, and square teeth, and sharp claws, and a long tail. And when that the dragon saw Fulk, forthwith it struck at him, and in its flight it struck him on his shield, which it rent in twain. And Fulk raised his sword, and struck the dragon on the head as hard as he was able. And the blow hurt it not at all, nor did it in anywise flinch under it, so strong were its scales and its horns in front. And the dragon took its flight from afar for to strike hard. And Fulk, who could not withstand the blow, dodged behind the tree which was beyond the spring. And Fulk perceived that he could not hurt the dragon in front, so that he watched for the dragon's return, and he struck it with vigour in the body on the tail, and cut it in twain. And the dragon began to cry out, and to roar, and it sprang towards the damsel, for it would take her and carry her else-

where. And Sir Audulf defended her. And so tightly did the dragon seize Sir Audulf in its claws, that if Fulk had not come in great haste, it would have crushed him. Then came Fulk, and he cut off its claw, and with great difficulty did he deliver Sir Audulf, for firmly had it fixed him with its claw through his hauberk. And Fulk struck the dragon in the mouth with his sword, and in such manner he slew it.

And Fulk was very weary, and he reposed him awhile, and then he went to the bed of the dragon, and he took the gold which he found there, and carried it to his galley. And John de Rampaigne examined the wound of Sir Audulf, and dressed it, for he knew much of medicines. And Mador turned his ship towards Carthage, and they arrived in the land, and restored his daughter to the duke, who was very joyful when he saw her. And the damsel related unto her lord the life she had led, and how that Fulk had slain the dragon. And the duke fell down at the feet of Fulk, and thanked him for his daughter, and he prayed of him, if it pleased him, that he would dwell in the country, and he would give him all Carthage, and his daughter in marriage. And heartily did Fulk give him thanks for his generous offer, and

he said that willingly would he have taken his daughter if that his Christianity had suffered it, but already was he wed. And this said, Fulk sojourned there until that Audulf was healed of his wound, and then he took leave of the duke, who was much grieved at his departure. And the duke gave them many a good and fair jewel, and very fine and swift steeds, and to each one he gave rich gifts.

And Fulk and his comrades set sail towards England. And when they were come to Dover, they went ashore, and they left Mador and the ship in a certain place where they could find him when they would. And Fulk and his comrades had learned from the peasants that King John was at Windsor, and they set out privily on their way towards Windsor. And by day they slept and rested them, and by night they wandered on until they were come to the forest, and there they lodged them in a certain place, in the forest of Windsor, where they used aforetime to be, for Fulk knew all parts there. Then they heard huntsmen, and the men with the hounds to blow the horn, and by this they knew that the King was going to hunt. And Fulk and his companions armed themselves very richly. And Fulk swore a great oath that he would not, for fear of death, refrain from avenging

himself on the King, who wrongfully, and by force, had disinherited him, and that he would boldly challenge his rights and his heritage. And Fulk caused his companions to remain there, and he himself, he said, would go to spy out adventures.

And Fulk went on his way, and he met an old charcoal-burner, who carried a sieve in his hand, and was all dressed in black, as a charcoal-burner should be. And Fulk prayed him that of love he would give him his clothes and his sieve for money. "Willingly, Sire," said he. And Fulk gave him ten besants, and prayed him that, for love, he would tell of it to no one. And the charcoal-burner went on his way. And Fulk remained, and anon he dressed himself in the attire which the charcoal-burner had given unto him, and he went to the charcoal, and began to stir the fire. And Fulk saw a large iron fork, the which he took in his hand, and he arranged here and there the pieces of wood. And ere long there came the King, with three knights, all afoot, to where Fulk was arranging his fire. And when Fulk saw the King, right well he knew him, and he threw down the fork, and saluted his lord, and he fell on his knees before him very humbly. And the King and his three knights laughed heartily, and they made game of the breeding and

bearing of the charcoal-burner, and longwhile did they remain there. "Sir Villain," said the King, "have you seen any stag or doe pass by here?" "Yea, my Lord, a while ago." "What beast did you see?" "Sire, my Lord, one horned, and it had long horns." "Where is it?" "Sire, my Lord, right well do I know how to lead you to where I saw it." "Forward, then, Sir Villain, and we will follow you." "Sire," said the charcoal-burner, "shall I take my fork in my hand? for if it were taken, I should suffer great loss thereby." "Yea, villain, if you will." And Fulk took the great fork of iron in his hand, and escorted the King to shoot, as though he had a very fine bow. "Sire, my Lord," said Fulk, "may it please you to wait, and I will go into the thicket, and will make the beast to come out by this path here." "Be it so," said the King. And Fulk sprang hastily into the thick of the forest, and he commanded his company to seize King John quickly, "for I have brought him here, with three knights only, and all his retinue is on the other side of the forest." And Fulk and his company leaped out of the thicket, and cried upon the King, and seized him forthwith. "Sir King," said Fulk, "now I have you in my power, and such judgment will I mete out unto you as you would have

done unto me if that you had taken me." And the King trembled with fear, for he had great dread of Fulk. And Fulk swore that he should die for the great hurt and the disinheriting the which he had done unto him, and unto many a good man of England. And the King cried him mercy, and prayed him his life for the love of God, and wholly would he restore unto him all his heritage, and whatsoever he had taken from him and from his people, and he would grant unto him his love and goodwill all his days, and of this he would give him in all things such surety as it pleased him to devise. And Fulk duly granted unto him his request on condition that, in the presence of his knights, he would plight his word to keep this covenant. And the King plighted unto him his word that he would hold to the covenant, and right glad was he that he could thus escape.

And he returned to his palace, and he caused his knights and his retinue to assemble, and he related unto them, word for word, how that Sir Fulk had deceived him, and he said that under constraint had he made the oath, for the which he would not hold to it, and he commanded that all should arm them in haste to take those felons in the park. Then Sir James de Normandy, who was cousin to the King,

prayed that he might have the avant-guard, and he said that "the English—at least all those of rank—are cousins to Sir Fulk, and because of this they are traitors to the King, and will not take these felons." Then said Randolf, Earl of Chester, "By my faith Sir Knight, saving the honour of our lord the King and not yours, in that you lie." And he would have struck him with his fist if that the earl-marshal had not been there, and he said that they are not, nor ever were, traitors to the King or to his people, but truly had he said that all men of rank, and the King himself, were cousins to Sir Fulk. Then said the earl-marshal, "Let us go pursue Sir Fulk. Then will the King see who will falter because of cousinship." And Sir James de Normandy and his fifteen companion knights armed them very richly, and all in white armour, and they were all nobly mounted on white steeds. And he hasted forward with his company to secure the prize.

And John de Rampaigne had espied all their doings, and he told them unto Sir Fulk, who could in nowise escape save by battle. And Sir Fulk and his companions armed them very richly, and they hurtled themselves boldly against Sir James, and they defended themselves valiantly, and they slew all his

companions save four who were wounded nigh unto death. And Sir James was taken. And anon Sir Fulk and his companions armed themselves with the harness of Sir James and of the other Normans, and they mounted on to their goodly steeds, the which were white, for their own steeds were tired and lean. And they armed Sir James with the harness of Sir Fulk, and they bound his mouth so that he could not speak, and put his helm on his head, and they rode towards the King, who, when he saw them, knew them by their harness, and thought that Sir James and his companions brought Sir Fulk.

Then Sir Fulk presented Sir James to the King, and said that he was Sir Fulk. And when they saw this, the Earl of Chester and the earl-marshal were very sorrowful. And the King, for the gift, made command to him that he should kiss him, but Sir Fulk said that he could not tarry to take off his helm, for that he must needs go pursue the other Fitz-Warines. And the King descended down from off his goodly steed, and he commanded him to mount on to it, for it was swift to pursue his enemies. And Sir Fulk alighted, and he mounted on to the steed of the King, and departed to his companions, and they fled a good six leagues from there. And there they

disarmed them in a wood, and washed their wounds, and they bandaged the wound of William, his brother, who was grievously wounded by one of the Normans, and they held him as dead, for the which they all made dole without measure.

And forthwith the King gave command to hang Sir Fulk. Then came Emery de Pin, a Gascon, who was kinsman to Sir James, and he said that he would hang him. And he took him, and led him a short way thence, and caused his helm to be taken off. And anon he saw that it was James, and he unbound his mouth. And he told unto him all that had happened betwixt him and Sir Fulk. And Emery came forthwith to the King, and brought Sir James who related unto him how Sir Fulk had served him. And when the King perceived that he was thus deceived, he was sore vexed, and he swore a great oath that never would he take off his hauberk until that he had taken these traitors. But of this Sir Fulk knew naught.

And the King and his earls and his barons pursued them by the hoofmarks of their horses until that they were come well-nigh unto the wood where Fulk was. And when Fulk perceived them, he wept and lamented for William, his brother, and he held himself lost for

ever. And William prayed of them that they would cut off his head, and carry it with them, so that the King, when he found his body, might not know who he was. And Fulk said that this he would not do for the world, and with tears he prayed very pitifully that God, in His mercy, would aid them, and such grief was there among them, that never was greater seen.

And Randolf, Earl of Chester, led the way, and when he perceived Sir Fulk, he gave command to his company to halt, and he went alone to Sir Fulk, and besought him, for the love of God, that he would yield him to the King, and he would answer for him for life and limb, and that he should be wholly reconciled to the King. And Fulk made answer that this he would not do for all the wealth of the world. "But, Sir Cousin, for the love of God I pray you for my brother, who lies there, that, when he is dead, you will cause his body to be buried, so that wild beasts may not devour it, and ours likewise when we are dead. And return you to your lord, the King, and do your duty by him without guile, and without regard to us who are of your blood. And now here will we receive the fate which is ordained for us." And the earl, all weeping, returned to his company. And Fulk remained, and he wept very tenderly with

compassion for his brother, whom he must needs leave there, and he prayed God that He would succour and aid them.

And the earl commanded his retinue and his company to the assault, and they struck at them with vigour. And the earl himself attacked Sir Fulk, but at last the earl lost his horse, and his company were in great part slain. And Sir Fulk and his brothers defended themselves valiantly. And whilst that Fulk defended himself, Sir Berard de Blois came behind him, and struck him with his sword on his side, and he thought to have slain him. Then Fulk turned round and struck him back on the left shoulder with both his hands, and he cut through his heart and his lungs, and he fell dead from his steed. And so much did Fulk bleed, that he swooned on the neck of his steed, and his sword fell from his hand. Then was there wondrous sorrow amongst his brothers. And John, his brother, sprang up behind Fulk on his steed, and held him up so that he might not fall, and they took to flight, for no strength had they to remain. And the King and his retinue pursued them, but take them they could not. And all the night they wandered thus, till on the morrow they came to the sea to Mador the mariner. And then Fulk revived, and he asked

where he was, and in whose hands. And his brothers comforted him as best they could, and they laid him in the ship in a very fair bed, and John de Rampaigne dressed his wounds.

And the Earl of Chester had suffered great loss of his men, and hard by he saw William Fitz-Warine well-nigh dead, and he took him, and sent him to an abbey to be cared for. And at last he was discovered there, and the King caused him to be brought in a litter before him to Windsor, and made him to be cast into a deep prison, and he was much an angered with the Earl of Chester for that he had hidden him. And the King said, "Fulk is wounded unto death, and this one I have now here. The others I shall take easily, wherever they may be. Certes, I am sore vexed at the pride of Fulk, for if that he had not been proud, he would have been still living. And as long as he was alive, no such knight was there in all the world, wherefore great loss is it to lose such a knight."

And in the sea, nigh unto Spain, is an isle, all compassed about with high rocks, and there is but one entrance, the which is called Beteloye, half a league long, and as much broad, and neither man nor beast dwell there. And on the sixth day they came to this isle.

Then Fulk began to sleep, for no sleep had he had for six days. And his brothers and his retinue went ashore, and he himself all alone slept in the ship, the which was fastened to a rock. And ere long there came a mighty wind, the which broke the fastenings of the ship, and carried the ship out into the open sea. And when that Fulk awoke, and saw the stars and the firmament, he called to his brother John and to his other companions, but no one answered him, and he perceived that he was alone upon the open sea. Then he began to weep, and to curse his fate, the which was so hard, and he grieved for his brothers. And then sleep took hold of him, and soon his ship came to the land of Barbary, at the city of Tunis. And there, at that time, was Messobryn, the King of Barbary, with four kings and six admirals, who were all Saracens. And the King was leaning on a tower over against the sea, and he saw this strange galley the which had arrived at his land, and he gave command to two men-at-arms to go see what it was. And the two men entered the ship, and they found naught save the knight, who was still asleep. And one of them struck him with his foot, and bade him awaken. And the knight sprang up like a man affrighted, and he struck him with his fist so that he

fell overboard into the sea, and the other took to flight, and came to tell unto the King of all that had befallen.

And the King commanded an hundred knights to go seize the ship, and to bring the knight to him. And the hundred knights, all armed, came to the ship, and assailed it on all sides. And Fulk defended himself courageously against all, but at last he yielded him on condition that he should be well used. And they led him before the King, and he commanded that he should be well cared for in a chamber.

And Isorie, the sister of the King, used oftentimes to visit and to comfort him, and she was a very fair and noble damsel. And she perceived that he was wounded in the side, and she prayed of him that for love he would tell her his name, and of what country he was, and in what manner he had been wounded. And he made answer to her that he was named Marin le Perdu of France, and that he loved tenderly from his heart a damsel, the daughter of an earl of his country, and that she made him in return great semblance of love, but she loved another more. "And it happed that she and I were together one day in much delight, and she held me very fast in her embrace. And then there came the other one

whom she loved more, and he smote me with his sword, and they placed me in a galley on the sea for dead, and the galley brought me to these parts." "Certes," said Isorie, "this damsel was scarce courteous." And Isorie took her harp, the which was very precious, and she made descants and notes for to solace Fulk, for she saw that he was fair, and of courtly breeding.

And Fulk asked of Isorie the fair what was the matter in dispute in the hall before the King. "Certes," said she, "I will tell you. In the land of Iberia there was a duke who was called the Duke of Carthage, and he had a very fair daughter, Ydoine of Carthage. And during the lifetime of her father she dwelt in his castle of Carthage. And at length there came a dragon the which seized her, and carried her to a high mountain in the sea, and there he kept her for the space of more than seven years, until that a knight of England, who was called Fulk Fitz-Warine de Metz, came to that mountain and slew the dragon, and restored her to her father. And presently the duke died, and she held all the duchy. And the King, my brother, sent messengers unto her that he would take her to wife; but she denied him, and for the shame which the King had, he caused a great multitude to

assemble, and he laid waste her cities, and demolished her castles. And the damsel fled thence into a strange country for to seek help, and now is she come again with people without number, and is about to make fierce war upon the King, and thus is she ready to do battle against a host, or with knight against knight, in such manner that if her people be vanquished, she will go again into her own country, and if ours be overcome, then shall the King, my brother, wholly make good the damage. And touching this, there came to-day into the hall proud messengers, and may it please the god Mahoun that you may be such an one that you will be bold to do battle for the King, my brother, for great honour would befall you.” “Certes, my lady, much am I beholden to my lord the King, and above all to you, but never will I do battle for Saracen against Christian, even though I should lose my life. But if that the King will abandon his faith, and will become a Christian, and be baptized, then will I do battle, and will save his lands and his people, and will win for him the damsel of whom you have spoken.” And Isorie went and told unto Mes-sobryn, her brother, the King of Barbary, all that Fulk, who had called himself Marin le Perdu of France, had promised unto her. And the King

forthwith granted whatever he might counsel, if that thus he could achieve his desire.

And the day of battle was ordained, and the King armed Sir Fulk very richly, and Isorie herself served him right willingly. And the King, and his Barbarines, and his admirals, and all his other men, were well armed, and much folk with them. And they sent forward his knight Fulk, who was to do battle, and the duchess sent forward her knight. And the knights, who were without fear, goaded their horses with their spurs, and they struck each other with their lances in such manner that the pieces flew about the field. And then they drew their swords, and boldly did they encounter each other. And Fulk struck the horse of his companion in such wise that he felled it dead, but he had minded to strike the knight. And when the knight was on the ground, then said he, "You wicked pagan, you wicked Saracen of ill faith, may God in Heaven curse you! Wherefore have you slain my horse?" And Fulk dismounted afoot, and the day long they combated together with all their might. And when it was nigh even, the knight said to Fulk, "Sir Pagan, you are very strong and vigorous. Tell me for love where you were born?" "If it please you to know my nation, I will not tell

it unto you if that you tell me not first your own, and then will I make it known unto you." Then the knight told unto him how that he was a Christian, born in England, the son of Guarin de Metz, and that he was called Philip the Red. And word by word he related in order all his life, and that of his brothers, and how that the duchess came in a ship to the isle of Beteloye, and received them into the ship, and saved them, for there had they been for the space of half a year and more, and had eaten their horses from hunger. "And when the countess saw us, forthwith she knew us, and found for us all that was needful to us, and she told unto us how that she came from England, and had sought us there for to wage war for her. And a very hard life have we led."

Then said Fulk, "Fair brother Philip the Red, know you me not? I am Fulk, your brother." "Nay, certes, Sir Saracen, that are you not, but now you would deceive me. By God, you shall not!" Then Fulk told him of a true mark, by the which he knew him. And then they made great rejoicing, and put off the combat until the morrow. And Philip told unto the duchess how that it was Fulk, his brother, with whom he had fought, and by the counsel of Fulk and Philip and his other brothers, the King,

and all his household, were baptized, and the King wedded the duchess with great honour.

And Fulk and his brothers and his household sojourned awhile with the King, and then they equipped them very richly to go to England. And the King gave unto them gold, and silver, and horses, and arms, and all the riches that they would have or desire, and they filled their ship with so great wealth that it was marvellous. And when that they were come privily into England, Fulk commanded that John de Rampaigne should dissemble him as a merchant, and should make inquiry where King John was, and if William, his brother, was alive or not. And John dressed himself very richly in the guise of a merchant, and came to London. And he lodged him in the house of the mayor, and caused himself to be served very sumptuously, and he fraternized with the mayor and all his household, and gave unto them liberal gifts, and he prayed of the mayor that he would make him known unto the King, to the end that he might bring his ship to his land. And that which he spake was corrupt Latin, but the mayor understood him well. And the mayor led him before the King at Westminster, and the merchant saluted him very courteously in his language. And the King

understood him well, and asked of him who he was, and whence he came. "Sire," said he, "I am a merchant of Greece, and I have been in Babylon and Alexandria and India the Greater, and I have a ship laden with condiments, and rich cloth, and pearls, and horses, and other riches, the which might be of great worth unto this kingdom." "I would," said the King, "that you and yours come ashore in my land, and I will be your surety." And they were bidden to stay and eat. And the mayor and the merchant ate together before the King. And ere long there came two sergeants-at-mace, and they led into the hall a knight, tall, and stout, and with a long black beard, and he was meanly clad, and they made him to be seated in the midst of the hall, and gave him to eat. And the merchant asked of the mayor who he was, and he told unto him that he was a knight called Sir William Fitz-Warine, and he related unto him wholly all the affair of him and of his brothers. And when that he heard him named, then was he very rejoiced that he saw him alive, but he was sore grieved in his heart that he saw him so ill at ease. And the merchant, as soon as he could, hasted to Sir Fulk, and related unto him all his doings, and he caused the ship to be brought as nigh unto the city

as was possible. And on the morrow the merchant took a white palfrey, (none other so fair was there in all the kingdom,) and he presented it unto King John, who received it right gladly because of its beauty. And the merchant bestowed such largess, that he made himself to be loved of all, and he could do in the Court whatsoever it pleased him. And on a day he took his companions, and they armed them well, and then they put on the gowns wont to be used by mariners, and they came to Westminster to the Court, and there were they received nobly, and they saw William Fitz-Warine led by the warders to the prison. And the merchant and his companions, despite the warders, took him by force, and they carried him to their boat, the which was afloat nigh unto the palace, and they all got in. And the warders raised a hue and cry, and pursued them. And the merchants were well armed, and they defended themselves bravely, and they escaped to their galley, and sailed towards the high sea. And when Fulk saw William, his brother, and John de Rampaigne, who was the merchant, it needs not to ask if he was glad. And they embraced one another, and each told unto the other of his adventures and his misfortunes. And when that the King heard that he had been

deceived of the merchant, he held himself very badly used.

And Fulk and his companions arrived in Brittany, and there dwelt they half a year and more with their kinsfolk and their cousins. And at length he determined that naught should hinder him from going into England. And when that he was come into England, into the New Forest, the which aforetime he frequented, he met the King, who was pursuing a wild boar. And Fulk and his comrades seized him, and six knights with him, and they carried him to their galley. And the King and all his retinue were sore afraid. And there was much parley; but at length the King put aside all his anger, and he restored unto them all their heritage, and promised unto them in good faith that he would make their reconciliation to be proclaimed throughout England, and for the doing of this he left his six knights with them as hostages, until that the reconciliation was proclaimed.

And the King went thence to Westminster, and he called together the earls and the barons and the clergy, and he told unto them openly how that he had freely granted his goodwill to Fulk Fitz-Warine and to his brothers and to all his adherents, and he commanded

that they should be honourably received throughout the realm, and he granted unto them wholly all their heritage. And when that Hubert, the archbishop, heard this, right glad was he, and forthwith he sent letters to Fulk, and to the Earl of Gloucester, and to Randolph, the Earl of Chester, and to Hugh, the earl-marshal, that without delay they should come to him at Canterbury. And when that they were come, they decreed that Fulk, and his brothers, should submit themselves at London unto the King. And Fulk, and his brothers, and the three earls, with their followers, apparelled themselves as richly as they knew how and were able, and they came through London with great pomp, and kneeled before the King at Westminster, and submitted themselves unto him. And the King received them, and restored unto them all that was theirs in England, and he commanded them to remain with him. And this did they for a whole month. And then Fulk took his leave, and he sojourned with the earl-marshal. And the earl made over unto him Ashdown, and Wanting, and other lands. And Fulk and his brothers armed them as it pleased them, and came to Abingdon, and they removed thence all that they could find to sell, and caused it to be taken and carried to Wanting,

and there he established a fair and a market town, the which has ever since then been held there, and still is.

And Fulk took leave of the earl-marshal, and he went thence to Earl Randolf of Chester, who was making ready with a large force for Ireland to defend his rights there. And when that they were arrived, they saw a great assemblage of their enemies. And the earl commanded that all should arm them. And the earl had with him three young brothers, who were men of great valour and strength, and they were armed and well mounted, and with them was Fulk. And at length they saw amongst their enemies a hideous giant, who was well armed down to his feet, and was hideous, and black, and horrible, and taller by twelve feet than any other. And he cried out, "Earl of Chester, send me the most valiant knight that you have to defend your rights." And when that the three youths heard this, they encountered him one after the other, and forthwith he slew them with the axe which he carried. And at last Fulk let go his steed, and would have struck him with his lance but that the giant turned aside slightly, and he struck at Fulk so that he well-nigh slew him. And Fulk feared him greatly, and he watched him closely, until that he ran him through the body with his lance. And he

fell to the ground, and in falling he struck the horse of Fulk, and cut off two of its hoofs. And Fulk fell to the ground, but he sprang up again, and he drew his sword, and cut off his head. And he carried his axe to White Town, where Fulk had caused a very strong and fair castle to be built in the marsh. And thus did the earl conquer all his lands and castles in Ireland. And when that he had sojourned there awhile, and had set his lands in order, then returned he into England.

And Fulk came to White Town, and there he found Maude, his wife, and his children, who were right glad of his coming, and they had great joy together. Then Fulk caused his treasures and his goods to be brought, and he bestowed much lands and horses on his fighting-men and his friends, and he maintained his lands right worthily.

And Fulk bethought him that greatly had he sinned against God by the slaying of people, and by other great misdeeds, and, to acquit him of his sins, he founded a priory in honour of Our Lady the Holy Mother of the Order of Grandmont, near Alberbury, in a wood on the river Severn, the which is called the New Abbey. And not long after, Dame Maude de Caus, his wife, died, and she was interred in this

priory. And a good while after that this lady had died, Fulk wedded a very noble lady, Dame Clarice de Auberville, and by his two wives he begat fair and valiant children. And when that Joan, the wife of Lewis, the Prince of Wales, and who was the daughter of King Henry of England, was dead, because of the great renown for prowess and for goodness that Sir Fulk had, he sent to him for his daughter Eve. And he gave her unto him, and with great honour and solemnity were they wedded. But Lewis lived but a year and a half after, and he died, and was buried at Aberconway, without heir begotten of Eve. And afterward was she wedded to the lord of Oswestry, who was a knight very adventurous, courageous, and bold.

And on a night, Fulk and Dame Clarice, his wife, were together in their chamber. And the lady slept, but Fulk lay awake, and he bethought him of his youth, and heartily did he repent him of his sins. And ere long he saw in the chamber so great a light that he marvelled, and he wondered within himself what it could be. And then he heard a voice in the air as it were of thunder, and it said, "Knight, God has granted thee thy penance, the which avails more here than elsewhere." And at these words the lady

awoke, and she saw the great light, and, from fear, she covered her face. And at length the light vanished. And after this light never more could Fulk see, and he was blind all his days.

And this Fulk was very hospitable and liberal, and he caused the highway to be turned through the hall of his manor of Alleston, to the intent that no stranger might pass that way without meat or lodging, or other regard or goods of his. And Merlin says:—“In Britain the Great a wolf will come from the White Plain. Twelve sharp teeth will he have, six below and six above. He will have so fierce a look, that he will drive the leopard from out the White Plain, such great strength and virtue will he have. But we know that Merlin said this of Fulk Fitz-Warine, for each of you may be sure that in the time of King Arthur that was called the White Plain which is now named White Town. For in that country was the chapel of St. Augustine, which was fair, where Kahuz the son of Ywein dreamt that he stole the candelabrum, and that he encountered a man who wounded him with a knife, and bruised him in his side. And he cried out so loud as he slept, that King Arthur heard him, and awoke from sleep. And when Kahuz was awaked, he put his hand to his side,

and there he found the knife by the which he had been wounded. Thus says the Graal, the book of the holy vessel. There recovered King Arthur his goodness and his valour, when he had quite lost his chivalry and his virtue. From this country the wolf issued, as says the wise Merlin. And the twelve sharp teeth we have recognized from his shield. He bore a shield indented as the arbiters have devised. On the shield are twelve teeth gules and argent. By the leopard may be recognized and well understood King John ; for he bore on his shield leopards of beaten gold.”

And this Fulk remained seven years blind, and he endured his penance with patience. And Dame Clarice died, and was buried in the New Abbey. And after her death Fulk lived but a year, and he died at White Town. And with great honour he was interred at the New Abbey, on whose soul may God have mercy ! And the body lies nigh unto the altar. May God have mercy on us all, living and dead ! Amen !

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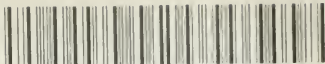
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